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WORDS

FOR

THE WORKERS;

IN

A SERIES OF LECTURES TO WORKINGMEN, MECHANICS, AND APPRENTICES.

BY

WILLIAM D. HALEY,
PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF ALTON, ILLINOIS.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages were written for workers who wish for words of encouragement and hope to strengthen them in their toil; I wish to forestall the critics, therefore, by saying to them, "Gentlemen, these pages are not for you." In the midst of many pressing cares, I have endeavored to speak to an emergency; and while I am sensible of the great defects of my work, I permit my words to go forth, because I believe I have spoken truth which may be of benefit to a larger number of the workers than I can personally reach.

I am not unaware that the problem, "What may best be done by Christianity for the working classes?" may receive various solu-

tions, according to the surroundings of those who attempt to explain it, and I would offer my voice to the thinkers with all due humility; but it has seemed to me best to speak *to* the workers, rather than to speculate *about* them.

Much of what follows borrows its complexion from local circumstances; but the main difficulties and needs of life are the same all over the world; and so I have preferred to allow the Lectures to retain their original form, save the addition of mottoes.

A difference of opinion may exist as to the propriety of introducing the topics of the Lectures into the pulpit on Sunday. I have pursued this course, because I believe that a portion of each Sabbath might be more profitably devoted to subjects of the kind here presented, than to abstruse philosophical speculation and dry dogmatizing. Moreover, in the West, Sunday is the only day upon which the Christian moralist may hope for a hearing from those whose days and nights are full of labor. Here the world is all busily engaged in preparing to live; the elements are yet

chaotic; and upon the faithfulness of the clergy to the actual wants of society must depend the future of the grand civilization which is destined to exist upon either bank of the Mississippi. Seeing this, shall we not be justified in departing from accustomed forms, and in speaking earnest words, and instilling right principles, "in season and out of season"? Nay, shall we not be grossly culpable if we sacrifice these great interests to the externalities and arbitrary customs of professional etiquette and clerical dignity? Is not humanity worth more than an abstract idea, or an established custom? These are questions which every man must settle for himself. I have been governed by my own convictions of duty, and do not presume to dictate to others what shall be their decision.

The fact is undeniable, however, that, while Christianity is addressed to all classes, and has a supply for all wants, thousands of toiling men live in our cities, build our wharves, navigate our ships, and erect our dwellings, and never hear of Christian principle or Chris-

tian truth. The Gospel fails in its mission, not for want of power, but for want of application. Sectaries quarrel over the "respectable" members of community, and contest for every new-comer with a desperation which the poorer classes very naturally ascribe to the lack of Divine strength on the part of Christianity, and see in it proof of the dependence and subordination of religion to Mammon. It necessarily follows, that they learn to neglect the Christianity which neglects them, and so there grows up an antagonism which results in Sabbath desecration, and general extravagance and dissipation. I know that much of the existing state of things is caused by fallacious reasoning and imperfect logic on the part of the workers; but we have to deal with existing facts, not with the philosophy of them, and these tell us in unmistakable language, that, without our works first demonstrate the earnestness of our words, our sermons and our exhortations will not reach the hearts of the working classes.

Much, indeed, of the present condition of

things is a necessary attendant upon the formative condition of society: our churches are not independent, and cannot be for many years to come. This is a great evil; and yet, like all seeming evils, patience will better accomplish its cure than the commission of a wrong. Bound up with the affections, and based upon the personal convictions of the people, the Church of Christ in America will yet become more gloriously diffused and permanent than any temporarily endowed and state-supported externalism of older countries. There is a work to be done for God and Christ and human life upon this continent, and pure hearts and earnest souls, and hands too "dignified" to be limited to customs and worldly dictation, must perform it. There is something nobler for the men of this generation than the warfare of dogmatisms and the triumphs of cliques. Out under the broad sky of Christian love, — in the free air of Pauline liberty, — where the consciousness of rectitude braces the nerves, and a reverent and filial trust in the All-Good makes the soul strong with the

might of the "noble army of martyrs," — the sickles of the earnest workers ring against the whitening grain. "Let us arise and join them."

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LECTURE I.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR. — ITS RELATION TO THE PROFESSIONS AND THE FINE ARTS.

"Commit thy works unto the Lord." — Prov. xvi, 3.

I HAVE placed this passage of Scripture at the head of my first Lecture because it breathes the thought which I would have you keep always before you, in the consideration of the topics of this course of Lectures, — that labor — the toil of the sinews and of the brain — is not a detached necessity, for the ministration to our physical wants, but part of the grand allotment of discipline, out of which our spiritual characters are to grow; that labor is not merely a drudgery, but, faithfully performed, returns a reward beyond the price of its service, in its reflective effects upon our own spirits; that toil is neither an injury,

nor a disgrace, but that every worker is performing a holy task in the lowliest toil, if he performs his task in the right spirit, and with the true aim. This spirit and this object I shall have much to say about before finally leaving the subject; indeed, I may frankly say to you, that over and above the belief that I may speak some practical and sober words which may be of service, I am prompted to speak to you, as a class of society, by the belief that false views of labor and artificial objections to honest toil lie at the bottom of most of our great social problems, and so far forth are legitimately within the sphere of the thinker and the religious workman.

Workingmen — the men who toil for daily wages, and literally eat their bread in the sweat of their brow — have, I fear, had too little assistance from the pulpit. They have been left to their toil and their temptations, while theologians have struggled for speculative triumphs, and ecclesiastical organizations have endeavored to attach to themselves

the wealth and influence of the country. And there is at least a partial palliation for this, in the fact that in our land, especially in this Western portion of it, very few religious societies can regard themselves as in a permanent position. We have no State Church, — and thank God for it! for we escape the oppressions and corruptions which grow out of the union of religious and compulsory taxation, — and under our voluntary system, some generations must pass before our churches can be in a position of independence. I acknowledge it frankly, religion is dependent upon wealth in this country. But that is not equivalent to saying that religion need become servile, or that the clergy are necessarily worshippers of the rich and neglectful of the less prosperous. It does involve the statement, however, that, in an early stage of religious effort, the absolute necessity for gaining sufficient wealth to base the churches on a firm foundation will lead to the danger of overlooking classes of society which need the co-operation of the pulpit and the educating and hallowing influences of Christ's Gospel.

Then, again, seeing the necessity for pecuniary means manifested by the churches in the sale and rental of pews, some persons, especially those who are not able to acquire much wealth by their labor, are very apt to regard all religion, and everything emanating from the pulpit, as savoring of Mammon. They do not go to church, because they suppose fine clothing, white-kid gloves, and foppery in general, to be prerequisites for admission there: they regard preaching too often as a luxury, which the capitalist, the physician, the lawyer, and perhaps the master-mechanic, may indulge in, because they can afford to pay for it; but for them, Sunday and Idleness are synonymes, and they cherish an antagonism against the pulpit, which must necessarily make its influence in their favor very slight indeed. Perhaps you will say that this state of things ought not to be; and I agree with you: but it does exist; and something must be done to obviate it, or the great truths of life revealed in the Gospel of Christ will prove

powerless and ineffectual to supply the world's pressing need.

And what can be done, but the abandonment on the part of the pulpit of any scruples of professional etiquette, — the doffing, if need be, of the white cravat, and the foregoing of scholastic precision and nicety of expression, — the sacrifice of all attempts at merely literary elegance, and a descent to the realities and commonplace experiences of the workshop, and the mill, and the foundery? Christ's revelation is addressed as much to men of toil, with the oil and rust of the machine-shop, or the dust of the mill, permeating their clothing and soiling their skin, as to *dilettanti* dwellers in Fifth-Avenue palaces, who have been raised above the sphere of the producer by lucky speculations in worthless patent-medicines, or unprincipled frauds, commencing with "woolly horses" and ending with Crystal Palaces and pernicious and brazen-faced Biographies.

Labor is of God's appointment; and therefore, we must think, wisely and benevolently

ordained. I know that some persons regard its muscular demands as the result of sin and curse; but I know, also, that in the Bible, which you and I can read for ourselves, it is said of the first man, that his Maker placed him in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. So that it would seem to have the sanction of Scripture, when we say that labor is an ordinance of God for our highest and best welfare. Indeed, if we needed additional proof of the fitness and necessity of labor, the experience of every workingman could furnish it. Toil is imposed upon us not less by our spiritual than by our physical necessities. A lazy man is at once the most despicable and the most miserable of objects; and a man willing to labor, and without occupation, is the most unhappy of mortals. That which is thus demanded by our existence, out of which all strength, and all beauty, and all true life, are developed, must be of God; and that which is of God is holy; and so, rightly viewed, every muscular effort will be a religious service, and every workshop a religious

temple. You cannot, if you would, separate the interests of the world from your toil; you cannot labor without result; you do not strike a blow on the anvil, or erect a block of stone to its place in a new building, without religious significance and religious result. We cannot separate our individual interests from the progress of the race; nor can we labor, even though our toil be dictated by our desire to shun poverty, without contributing out of our muscular or mental exertion to some purpose of beauty, or of supply, which the overruling Providence will harmonize into a grand mosaic of human blessing.

Labor is honorable, for it is identified with our wants and their supply, with our health and enjoyment, and has a power over the spirit in working off the excess of animal demand, and so clears the breast of perilous stuff. Labor is blessed, for it is ordained of God, and bound up with all beauty and all growth and vital action. God himself, the Master Workman of the universe, hallows it in his superintendence of his most wonderful

mechanism for the blessing of his children; and his mechanical skill may be recognized in every prairie-flower and in every snow-flake, and his exertions seen when the forces of nature are urged through the channels of vegetable life, and the bare forests and brown grass shoot forth afresh their foliage, and don again their mantle of living hues; when the ice-bound streams, impelled by some mysterious agency which we call gravitation, burst their icy barriers, and, obeying a common tendency, flow into a common ocean. It is customary to speak of God as a Creator in the past; but who thinks worthily of what God's activity and energy are daily accomplishing? Who recognizes in the mechanical arrangement of the solar system, and the grouping of the clouds, the lessons which might be learned of the dignity of labor, and the dependence of the beautiful upon toil and exertion? From the necessity of things, labor is universal. We cannot escape it if we would; and when we think we have risen above it, we may find it harder work to "kill time" than it was to

be busy about our mechanical or mercantile employments. Look at "Young America" for proof of this; glance for a moment at that pitiable class who, in sad irony, are called "fast young men." (I would not have you look longer than a moment, lest you should be led to embrace the theory which considers man as the result of vegetable life, and depicts his regular development, as first mushroom, then muscle, then fish, then bird, then ape, and last, man.) But look in soberness at this lamentable class of human creatures, whose highest ambition is to drive a nobler animal than themselves; to talk big-sounding words; brawl in bar-rooms; and die without a nobler trait of character than the horses and dogs which they abuse. What is the secret of the abundance of this class of young men in our large cities? Why is it, that the sons of grave and respectable votaries and possessors of wealth become thus de-humanized? Why is it, that when our old men have toiled, and are toiling, at honest occupations, their sons affect to look with contempt upon a hard

hand or a working-jacket? Why is it that the wives and daughters of retired mouse-trap makers affect to live in such style as is only pitiable in the European descendants from the feudal robbers who bore a red hand upon their escutcheons as a token of their nobility? Is not the difficulty to be solved by the fact that labor has been degraded from its proper position in this most republican country? that it has been made a badge of disgrace instead of a credential of honor? Do you not think that the young men of whom I have spoken would be vastly more happy, and infinitely more respectable, if they lived for some purpose of usefulness? And would they not do so, if it was in the world's esteem (I mean the fashionable world) more respectable to be an honest laborer than a swaggering idler? O, depend upon it, there was wisdom in that Jewish proverb, touching the propriety of an early induction into habits of industry: "He who does not teach his son a trade, teaches him to steal."

I know there is such a thing as excessive

toil; an abuse of labor; a continuance of extreme application which destroys both body and spirit. And whether this demand comes from cupidity or ambition, from ourselves or from others, it is wrong. Society has no right to compel men, who work faithfully, to labor so intensely for food and raiment and shelter that the mind and heart must go naked and famishing. Of the two, however, the life of extreme toil is preferable to that of those who rise in the morning with nothing to do, and retire at night with the consciousness of having accomplished it. But the extremes are both wrong, and are working fearful injury to the interests of society, undermining religion and sapping our national and republican integrity.

Labor is neither a disgrace nor a curse. It is the sacrament of life for our spiritual benediction. We may partake of it lovingly, and reap its more than golden reward, in the quick pulsations of purity and rectitude which it will urge through our spiritual life; or endure it complainingly, and feel its reasonable demands to be a heavier yoke than we can bear; but

partake of it we must, or the currents of our life will flag, and forget to throb with their healthful and strengthening influences.

But perhaps you will say to me, that all do not labor, and that while one man tugs at the printing-press, and another spends his strength in striking the anvil, there are some who are exempt from toil, and have little to do but to speak a few words, or to draw up a legal document, or to prescribe a remedy for disease. You will point me perhaps to the Professions, and to the Fine Arts, as evidences that men do live without toil, (as if the proof that men do exist without labor were evidence of its propriety!) and failing to substantiate the positions drawn from these fallacies, — for they are fallacies, — you will recur to that fancied citadel of agrarianism, the iniquity of capital, and shout, with the French Socialists, "Property is a robbery!" Let me, therefore, speak to you, as I have ability, of the identity of Labor with the Professions and with the Fine Arts.

Among workingmen, and especially with

mechanic apprentices, the impression has prevailed, that a professional man enjoys an immunity from labor; their ideas of professional toil are all limited to the preparation for a diploma or admission to the bar; and these once obtained, and the office taken, and the sign hung out, they think there is little for the physician and the lawyer to do but to sit still and allow the money of the laboring man to flow into their pockets. As to the clergyman, it has become a pretty well settled theory, that he only needs to think himself "called" to live without labor, and his work is done, — if he can find a parish to pay him for reproducing old sermons, and uttering prayers that any one can learn from a book.

Now let me ask you what it is that constitutes labor. All toil, you know, is not alike: there are some kinds of mechanical employments which demand less muscular effort than others. The watchmaker uses a much lighter hammer than the blacksmith, and the engraver works with a finer chisel than the stonemason; and yet all these I suppose may lay

claim to be called mechanics, and to earn their bread by honest toil. Where, then, shall we find the unity of labor? Clearly, it is not in the amount of muscular demand.

Do you define it as production? Is it that mechanical or agricultural skill which produces the comforts of life? But from what kind of skill will you exclude production? The printer produces books and newspapers, and the author produces the thoughts that make the printer's work something more than lifeless paper and ink. The copyist, too, produces manuscript which may prevent fraud and injustice. The truth is, every man who is employed, whether with the head or hand, is a laborer and a producer. The physician produces health, and the lawyer produces peace and security. Nor only so, but professional men must toil, and toil long years after the completion of their novitiate, or sink to the position of pettifoggers and quacks. If you have a sick child, to whom will you apply for help? Is it not to the skilful physician? And do you dream that skill in mitigating disease is some-

thing extraneous, which distils upon a man from the clouds, or comes to him by spending a year or two of his boyhood at a public institution, or in a private office, reading a few pages, and perhaps dissecting a few limbs? If you have property or reputation at stake, to whom do you go for assistance? Is it not to the man who is versed in legal tactics, and who carries Blackstone and Coke and Story in his head, and rectitude and prudence in his heart? But do you imagine that three or four years of desultory reading, or of bodily contact with books bound in calf-skin, will make a Solon, or a Lycurgus, or a Demosthenes out of an unsophisticated country boy? Depend upon it, my friends, the fancied antagonism of head-work and handicraft is without reason. We are all laborers; and if some wear working-jackets while others don broadcloth, it is because it is fitting that every man should array himself in the garments which are best adapted to his toil. And do not dream that muscular exertion is the only labor; for there is many a studious man who would gladly exchange his

aching head, and excited nervous system, and sleepless nights, for the clear brain, and healthy tone, and sweet repose, that of themselves more than compensate for the severest muscular exertion. Indeed, the balance of ease is in many respects in favor of the men who follow the plough, or push the plane, or carry the hod from morning till night. Their labor must at least be limited, and it is varied with intervals of rest; but when once you set the brain in action, you have accomplished the mechanical dream of perpetual motion. Headwork, my friends, knows no ten-hour regulation; it cannot be set aside when the sun goes down, or suspended on account of the weather; but its demands are ceaseless, and no compensation of wealth can restore the balance, and bring the head-worker to an equality of ease with the handicraftsman. I know individuals may be found in all departments who use a professional position as a shield for their laziness; whose highest literary ambition is to be conversant with the insipid productions of brainless boys and masculine women; who toil ex-

cessively to master the sublimities of Fanny Fern, and Letitia Locust, and the rest of that class of alliterative prodigies; who cultivate their sensibilities by perusing incessantly the yellow-covered trash which dishonors the name of literature, and store their capacious minds with the monstrous improbabilities of sickly sentimentalism. I know individuals may be found who are too slothful to become skilled in their profession, and who will imperil the lives and property of their fellows by their ignorance; who act from purely mercenary motives, and with no real professional zeal. I know men may sometimes be found who will venture to handle the interests of religion, and dare to deal with the momentous truths of God, of the soul, and of the immortal life, because they are too slothful to plough, too proud to beg, and too ignorant to do anything but to "preach" the "Everlasting Gospel"; and all these (save the mark!) are called professional men, — Esquires, Doctors, and Reverends. But, bear in mind, all lawyers are not rogues, nor all physicians charlatans,

nor all preachers dolts who have adopted that profession as a last resort to obtain a living. But what then? Are there no lazy mechanics who disgrace *their* calling? Are there no workingmen who will shirk their task, if they are not watched? And yet would it be just, for the sake of these, to deny the skilful mechanic and faithful laborer his title to the merit of belonging to the class of producers? A true man feels that life is something more than a scramble for wealth, or an opportunity for vice, or a thing of sloth; and whether his pulses throb beneath homespun or are covered with "purple and fine linen," he will be a worker. The true professional man is as much, in his sphere, a worker, as the lowliest truckman or deck-hand is in his. A true professional man will toil, without a master, as hard as any hod-carrier or coal-digger. We are all bound up in a brotherhood of labor, and in a unity of interest; and the professional drone is no more respectable than a lazy mechanic or an idling laborer.

Let us now carry this tenor of thought into

an examination of the mutual relations of Labor and the Fine Arts.

Art is defined by a German writer (Professor Thiersch) as all representations of the beautiful; and a master-mind of our own age and country has defined Beauty to be adaptation. Certainly there can be no beauty without adaptation. Adaptation evidences design, and these, it has long been conceded, analogically infer evidence of mind. If we find adaptation in Nature, we at once refer it to the exercise of will; and as in Nature, so in the Fine Arts, there can be no beauty without that designed adaptation which is of itself evidence of exertion. Beauty as a sentiment, may float in the mind; but Art as a fact, the expression of Beauty, the materialism of the sentiment, must involve Labor. All representation of the beautiful, we are told, is Art; and I think the definition is good enough for our purpose. Certainly, then, there can be no representation of Beauty without the expenditure of mental and muscular toil. Art, we may say, is the expression, the body, of

which Beauty is the soul; and the difference between a beautiful creation and a clumsy one, is the difference between an inspired vitality and a lifeless and uncouth framework.

Now, I have uttered these thoughts because I wish you to recognize the unity and universality of all Labor. This spirit of Beauty, which is the inspiration of the Fine Arts, and which is dependent upon toil for its expression, is not limited to painting and sculpture, but it may be felt and evidenced in the most monotonous of mechanical employments, — the same in essence, but not in degree, as in the most sublime results of Phidias's chisel and Raffael's brush. Art and Beauty may have place in the commonest calls for skill; and in nothing can they be more clearly evidenced than in that very substantial and commonplace occurrence, — house-building. Indeed, it is true that "Beauty is much shown in architecture," and no other art or employment has more significance, for it is a token of the inward life. "Man skulking in a hut

is the same being whose architecture swells, as his soul swells, into the temple, the fortress, and the palace"; in all he is the same, but his creations of brick or stone may tell his inward life-progress.

Let me appeal now to your experience for confirmation of the identity of Art and Labor. I would appeal to the lowliest worker, and ask him if, beyond the price of his labor, and beyond the pride of accomplishing better work than an inferior workman, there is not a certain love of the work itself which inspires him to seek after excellence? I know he will tell me there is. And what is it but that beauty, that essence of art, which inspires the sculptor and the painter, that thus strengthens the workingman in his drudgery? And what is this but a testimony that all art is the result of toil, and all toil may be art? Indeed, the Fine Arts are the outgrowth of the search for excellence in toil. Formerly, in Europe, the mechanical occupations were confined to women and slaves. Refinement, however, in the course of time, demanded greater

skill than can be expected from those whose task is compulsory; and in the tenth century freemen began to employ themselves in mechanical arts, and the spirit of beauty, fostered by freedom, became developed until it was honorable to be a skilful handicraftsman, and the toil of the workshop became blended with the Perseus and Medusa of Benvenuto Cellini, the Last Supper of Da Vinci, and the Theseus of Donatelli.

And so one may say of Labor, as of Art, that it is immortal. It erects its own monument, as the record of the groaning toil of the hundred thousand who, according to Herodotus, were employed twenty years in building the Pyramids, which still stand, while the tyrant who extorted their toil has become a perplexity and a myth. The Sphynx and the Pyramids may be to all time a riddle, but that human muscle and human skill were exercised there, is as palpable as the colossal proportions and majestic symmetry of both these marvels. Nor only so, but all toil reaches beyond the temporary and decaying, out into the immor-

tal and infinite. You cannot, if you would, limit the results of your labor to the present. They will react upon your own spirits, and through these upon the generations to come, and upon your own immortal life. As you cherish integrity and industry, without cringing or niggardliness, your characters shall grow strong, and your life reach out beyond the workshop into the Temple of God.

Finally, let me entreat you to receive and adopt as your own the sentiment that "all labor is fitting and honorable," — fitting, because "the Great Ordainer has not dispensed with it." "The world itself," says an eloquent pleader for Labor,* "might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work, ten thousand processes more curious and more complicated than man can devise might have been going forward without man's

* Dr. Dewey.

aid. Houses might have risen like exhalations, — gorgeous furniture might have been placed within them, — soft couches and luxurious banquets spread by unseen hands, — and man, clothed with fabrics of Nature's weaving richer than imperial purple, might have disported himself in these Elysian palaces. 'Fair scene!' I imagine you are saying; 'fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life.' But where then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off at one blow from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd — nay, far beneath a crowd — of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate; better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereon to labor; better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and the forests, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty."

It *is* time that opprobrium of toil were done away, for that opprobrium is a relic of the feudal days, "when serfs labored, and gentlemen were known by their skill in fighting and feasting."

Be not ashamed of toil, for it is honorable. Be not ashamed of the "dingy workshop and dusty labor-field, — of the hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, — of the soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Earth has stamped, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors. Be not ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity"; for to be ashamed of honest toil "is treason to Nature, impiety to Heaven, and breaking God's great ordinances. Toil, toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility."

LECTURE II.

MUTUAL RELATIONS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.— THRIFT AND FORETHOUGHT. — SAVINGS. — NECESSITY FOR FAITH IN HUMAN INTEGRITY.

"In getting riches, ye musten flee idleness; and afterwarde ye shulen usen the riches which ye have geten by youre wit and by your travail, in such manner, that men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool large, that is to say over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaritious man because of his scarcity and chinery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely."

"In getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shulen alway have three things in youre heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First ye shulen have God in youre heart, and for no riches ye shulen do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is youre Creator and Maker. . . . . And Cassiodore saith that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name." — CHAUCER.

BEFORE proceeding further, it may be well to notice a possible objection to the course I am pursuing, in offering topics of such practical influence upon Sunday afternoon, in preference to calling your attention to them upon an evening during the week. I pursue this

course designedly, because I wish you to identify religion with your life and with your labor. Whatever Christian words I may have to speak, — whatever department of life I may wish to admonish, — I should deeply regret the utterance of words on Monday or Wednesday that ought not to be spoken on Sunday. I am led to the adoption of this method of presenting Christian truth, by the belief that there are pressing needs in our every-day life which call for the toil of every true prophet. He who speaks with a purpose, and who speaks truly, is as much a Christian teacher when dealing with the present interest of the race, as he who expounds the mysteries of theological technicalities. A man may be a true prophet without a garb of camel's hair or a residence in the desert, and he may be a witness for Christ without constantly harping upon theoretical intricacies, and even though he descend to the common life which Christianity was designed to elevate and bless. Look into your own hearts, and out upon the world about you, and tell me if there are not

wrongs and evils in society that need a prophet-like earnestness and directness of exhortation?

The Christian ministry, and the Christian Church, have too long been satisfied to find their field of labor in the interior of Africa, or in the stars; in the remote past with Adam, or in the still remoter future of speculative spiritual condition. There is, Christian friends, a great living cry coming from the present, — an intensely perplexing problem of suffering and sin to be solved now. Out of your workshops and founderies, — out of your steamboats and ships, — from your wharves and warehouses, — from the abodes of wealth and the hovels of poverty, — ascends that yearning petition, "Who will show us any good?" And the Gospel, and those speaking for the Gospel, must meet this demand, — must satisfy this craving, — must solve these problems, and show the coincidence of all true life with God and the Scriptures, or acknowledge Revelation to be a failure, and Christianity insufficient for the world's extremity. It is in vain to attempt an avoidance of this ordeal.

Sooner or later the test must be applied. The same difficulties and doubts that agitate the minds of pagan men are busily at work in the hearts of our own population, and generalities will not suffice; — we must be explicit, and carry the Gospel teachings into the blacksmith's shop and out on to the farm, and set them up paramount there, or our religion will be a thing of selfishness, and while evangelizing the antipodes, our own kindred and townsmen will go hungry and famishing for the living bread, and become as destitute of the true Christian feeling and principles as the dwellers of Paris in the worst days of infidel anarchy. I do not indeed advocate a police Christianity, to restrain ignorance and vice, but a true co-operation of religion with human experiences and human wants as they exist, which, without cant or selfishness, shall demonstrate the eternal fitness of the Gospel for men's struggling work-day lives.

Closely connected with the topics of the previous Lecture are the mutual relations of

Labor and Capital. I wish to show you that the antagonism sometimes maintained between the laborer and the capitalist is not only improper, but unnatural; that whatever is done by either class to injure the other is wrong, and must react upon the aggressor; that there are natural interdependencies between them, which no fanaticism of the pretended friends of the workingman can destroy, and no impulse of selfish gain on the part of the capitalist can ignore.

The antagonists of capital always seem to forget the indebtedness of the laborer for his employment to that very accumulation of capital which they so fiercely denounce. Now, suppose their wildest desires realized, property declared to be a robbery, and the moneyed capital of the country portioned out *pro rata* among the inhabitants; what would be the effect? In a large city, the following results would inevitably follow. "At one blow, the banks, insurance-offices, and other financial institutions, would tumble to the ground. The large mercantile houses, which give employ-

ment to many clerks, porters, draymen, coopers, carpenters, and the like, would dwindle into small retail shops. All the business which now rests on a credit basis would cease. Not a hammer would be heard in the ship-yards. The silence of death would replace the intolerable but productive clatter of the founderies and machine-shops. All the spindles in the factories would stop at once. Dismantled ships would deform the wharves. Idlers and vagabonds would throng the streets. Fresh prisons and almshouses would be needed, and there would be neither funds nor credit to build them."* Such is but a faint outline of the disastrous consequences of carrying out to their full extent the principles of Fourier and Proudhon. Admitting that there are great evils attendant upon the accumulation of capital, this destructive and antagonistic policy, which would array in a class-warfare the laborer and his employer, will not, I am confident, meet and remove the evils. Far better would it be, that each should learn its

* Dr. Boardman.

Christian identity with the other, and see how interdependent are all the workers upon each other. Nor should it be forgotten, that capital is not necessarily money, but that every man is a capitalist, to the extent of his instruments for the increase of values. Thus, even the savage is a capitalist, to the extent of the weapons by which he procures food, and the amount of food which he possesses to enable him to live until more can be obtained. The tools of the carpenter and shoemaker constitute their capital, and they receive their wages, not only as a return for their muscular exertion, — which again is capital, — but as a compensation for the use of their tools. Certainly, without his tools a mechanic could not build a house nor make a pair of shoes; but he does not regard himself as doing unjustly, because he obtains compensation for the increased value he gives the raw material by the skilful application of his instruments. And yet the men who will acknowledge this, will tell you that it is unjust for the capitalist to receive compensation for

the increased value given to the raw material of the earth and the elements by the use of his instrument, — money. For money is but an instrument, — a representative of power to meet obligations, — a token by which the exchange of equivalents is facilitated; and the capitalist who confines his operations to the limits of fair enterprise is just as much a producer of actual wealth, in furnishing means for the construction of railroads, and levees, and buildings, as the men who quarry the stone with their chisels and make the cuts and embankments with their shovels. True, — very true, — it does not seem so pleasant to be of those whose only capital is muscle; but even in that point of view, you find differences of muscular development among men, which it would be just as reasonable to rebel against, as to denounce those whom Providence has blessed, as it has not blessed you and me, with moneyed capital. The truth is, these diversities are both necessary and fitting; and the Providence which ordained them has appointed compensations to accompany their

inequalities. Depend upon it, the capitalist is a man of toil, as truly as the day-laborer; and if he is a man of selfishness, recognizing no Divine significance in his condition, seeing no religious importance and mission in his command of means, — living for his wealth, and seeking only its increase, — with no thought of God, of humanity, and of duty, — ah, my friends, if he is such a man, pity him! for he needs the lowliest man's compassion: he toils harder, and for poorer pay, than any coal-digger. But I believe such men are seldom found, and that generally the capitalist and merchant act from motives of integrity higher than statutes of usury and market-place morality. I believe — nay, I know — that beneath all this stir of seeming struggle for gain there throbs a generous recognition of the unity of human life, and the interdependence of all classes for blessing, culture, and happiness. Christianity is rapidly taking its proper position in the Exchange; and much of the wealth which results from a proper and legitimate use of capital is con-

secrated, not only to the technical "interests of religion," but to those interests in the larger sense, in which they embrace the philanthropic and educational prosperity of the accumulating population of our country. If one needed an argument for the defence of capital against sweeping denunciation, and wished to find that argument near home, perhaps there could not be anything better required than the facts of the Mercantile Library and of the Washington Institute at St. Louis; — the first a noble monument of Western culture, — a type of the generosity with which Western capital and literature go hand in hand, — a lasting memorial of the love of art, and the insight into the reality of existence, as it centres in the beautiful and the educating, which animates the mercantile prosperity of that city. Whence came that lofty building, which represents one hundred and forty thousand dollars? How is it, that the last yearly statement reports twelve thousand volumes, worth nineteen thousand dollars, as the result of nine years' existence? Do you now cry, "Capital

is a robbery"? Do you presume to assert that the root of all this is in selfishness? that one man's contribution of thirty-six thousand dollars is the representation of so much desire to ride rough-shod over the toiling masses who contribute their muscle to the triumphs of his capital? If it is so, it is a profounder mystery than the inequalities of Providence, which place one man in a banking-house and another on a dray. And the other institution of which I spoke will bear the same testimony even more forcibly; for it commences with the children, and provides a thoroughly practical and theoretical training for them, — and capital has lately been quietly and unostentatiously providing for the expenses, to the amount of some forty or fifty thousand dollars.

Doubtless there are responsibilities which capital does not always recognize as it ought to do; but the fault lies not at the door of capital, but belongs to those who abuse it, — who make it an instrument of fraud and oppression, instead of a minister of blessing, —

who set up to themselves false standards, and follow low aims, vainly supposing they can separate their business life from their religious character; but rely upon it, they who do so are more literally serfs to their unsatisfied ambitions, and labor for a harder taskmaster, than the poor whom they abuse. Fuller, an old English divine, who expressed much truth in his own quaint way, has left the following comment upon the passage of Scripture, "Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you." "The same word in the Greek (*ἰος*) means both rust and poison; and some strong poisons be made of the rust of metals, but none more venomous than the rust of money in the rich man's purse, unjustly detained from the laborer, which will poison and infect his whole estate."

Rely upon it, my friends, there is a unity of mission which should identify capital and labor. The workingman ought not to curse the capitalist for his wealth; for it is that wealth, circulating through the various chan-

nels of business, which gives him the employment by which he earns his bread. He should not object to the reproductive power of capital; for it is that reproduction which stimulates its investment in buildings, and boats, and manufactures, in preference to allowing it to lie idly in the rich man's coffers, and so depriving the poor man of his share of its productiveness. Indeed, I know of no abuse of capital more reprehensible than the hoarding of money, — the burying and hiding of specie, by which its vitalizing power is withheld from society. The man who hoards his thousand dollars, or his one or two hundreds, who is afraid to place it in bank, and so over-conscientious that he will not take interest for it, is a greater injury to society than he who obtains an unusual interest for his capital; and he deserves to lose it.

On the other hand, the capitalist owes it to the laborer, to esteem him as something more than a curiously constructed machine of muscles for the increase of his gain. He owes it to every workman he employs, to regard him

as a human being; as a joint heir with him to the discipline of the present and to the immortality of the future.

Too often, I fear, the fact of the laborer's manhood and spiritual identity with the capitalist is lost sight of; and he is looked upon, not as a necessary and honorable agent in the world's advancement, but as a lower order of being, who is dependent upon the benevolence of his richer and more prosperous likeness in human clay. But without the laborer, what would capital avail? Where would be your railroads, without those sturdy sons of toil who make them? Who would build your palaces, if labor refused to perform its task? And what would your enterprise accomplish, without muscle to give substance to your thought? All would be a dream and an air-castle. It is labor which gives reality to the conceptions of art, and which carries out all the projects by which capital is enhanced. It is labor to which we owe our comfort: our houses are built by it; we warm ourselves by fires made of the fuel which toil has

extracted from the caverns of the earth; it guides our ships, that come freighted with silks and teas; it governs and directs the locomotive, that mighty power by which our whole Western country is to be revolutionized; it presides over the magnetic telegraph, implanting its posts and stretching its wonderful wires; it patiently and swiftly picks up letter by letter, and transforms the refuse of our wardrobes into speaking leaves more precious than the Sibylline oracles; it holds the plough, and the wild prairie ceases to be a wilderness, and bears upon its bosom waving fields of grain, to feed distant nations and to enrich our own. All that we have of comfort and of prosperity we owe to the co-operation — too often but a union of necessity — of Labor and Capital. Let them, then, be one in a generous and Christian spirit; let them co-operate, not because they *must*, but because they *ought*, — because the world needs them both, and because their interests and welfare are identical.

In our country, capital ought not to be a mark for vituperation, and a separating barrier

between the sympathies of classes; for here every man may become a capitalist, in the sense of possessing surplus means beyond the necessary expenditure for food and clothing. I lay it down as a settled fact, that any man of ordinary muscular development, of good health, and industrious and temperate habits, must necessarily become independent. In this Western land, if anywhere, labor may hold up its honest head, and feel itself equal to any class of society; for it is labor, muscle, toil, applied to the more than golden treasures of our soil, that the country mostly needs, and is most anxious to obtain. Here the "hands" may venture to talk about principles with the employers; and are not in the condition in which they are in some portions of this country, as well as in England, — so graphically described by Dickens, in which the relations of laborer and employer are to the "hands" "all a muddle," — knowing nothing but the will of their master, and dependent upon his caprices for their bread. But, you will say to me, many men who work hard do not become

capitalists: they do nothing beyond barely supporting their families through the year; and I know very well that what you would say is true. But it does not in the least depreciate my statement. There are causes at work among our laboring population which deprive them of the independence of position which they might otherwise attain to.

There is a sad want of forethought, which in many instances produces great suffering; and when that is not the result, it chains them to a position of dependence which they ought not to occupy. The average wages per diem of mechanics and laboring men in our city will probably be found to range from two dollars and a half to one dollar and a quarter. Men who in Europe would be glad to obtain two dollars for a week's labor, in this city will, at some seasons, look very contemptuously upon the same sum for a day's work. And yet there is poverty, and much of it, in this city of Alton, as the Relief Committee can abundantly testify. The greater portion of it, indeed, is owing to the inadequate com-

pensation of female labor, by which, in seasons of depression, poor widows, unable to accumulate in the most prosperous times, are deprived of support, and must be relieved from the means of the more prosperous. Setting aside these, and the usual amount of sick poor, however, there still remains a class, who, without being reduced to absolute want, and without coming upon the hands of the Relief Committee, are still under the necessity of parting with their superfluous furniture and clothing, and of obtaining credit at the provision-stores. And the question may well be asked, How can this be, in the face of their receipt of large wages during the long busy season? And here, I think, the proper solution will be found, not in schemes of Icarian Communism, but in the hearts and habits of the working classes themselves. They need above all things, and are most deficient in, thrift and forethought.

There are two principal methods by which these important characteristics may be developed and strengthened, — a social and an in-

dividual plan. The first is by co-operation among workingmen for mutual aid in sickness and misfortune. The other agency is the Savings Bank, in which the thrifty workingman deposits every week, or every month, some portion of his earnings, resolutely foregoing any needless luxury or expense, that the future of himself and his family may be clear and cheering. Of the first of these I have only to say, that, properly managed, I have no doubt a Benefit Society may be made a great blessing to the workingman. But my preference is with the Savings Bank, because its results are so certain and so tangible. Its benefits are based upon no contingency of misfortune, but they are steadily and surely accruing as the depositor places his earnings in its safe-keeping. These institutions offer a premium for forethought, by paying interest upon deposits; and every workingman ought to possess a bank-book with a fair account, — at least until he has purchased and paid for a home; and every workingman may do it, by reasonable prudence, and the avoidance of

expenses which are not only useless, but a physical and moral injury. There are two foes to the working classes which call for more serious effort to dethrone them, and are more practical, than the social evils, real and fancied, about which most of your self-styled philanthropists are wont to declaim. Extravagance and intemperance are the workingman's greatest enemies. It is a very common thing to denounce the extravagance of the rich; but what do we mean by the term extravagance? Is it not a relative term, signifying a useless, an improper expenditure, — the waste of capital upon articles which could be dispensed with? If, however, we say this with reproach of the wealthy, with what accumulated condemnation may it be charged against those who live by their toil! A workingman, or a workingman's wife, may be quite as extravagant in the purchase of tea and silk, as a rich man in the purchase of diamonds and pictures. When tea at fifty cents is good enough, it is shameful extravagance for a poor man to pay a dollar; when

a coarse garment is sufficient for decency and comfort, it is extravagant to pay three times its price for a fine one; when homespun is the best material for his use, the workingman is a spendthrift who is ashamed to wear anything less fashionable than broadcloth; and when calico is more appropriate, it is wasteful folly to purchase silk. I know that the rich, or the comparatively wealthy classes, have much to answer for, in inciting to extravagance those whose ruin it is to copy their example, but who will ape them. I know the mercantile and professional classes of society have a responsibility; and in due time — so far as my voice will reach — I shall be found reminding them of it. But what a poor, unmanly plea it is, that because others do wrong, we, like patient sheep, must follow our leaders. What a disgrace to manhood it is, to avow our thorough want of independence, when following foolish customs will make us servants all our lives.

Intemperance has been so much agitated, that one runs the risk of talking in vain when

remonstrating against it. But depend upon it, there is a great work yet to be accomplished by the working classes for themselves, before we may cease to speak of the wrong done to them by their too frequent over-indulgence. Something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are annually expended in the bar-rooms of this small city. Where do you suppose that sum comes from? From whom is the iniquitous license fund of this city pilfered? Do you dream that the low dram-shops of the place are kept from motives of benevolence? Do you think there is a man connected with the bar-rooms who will make a personal sacrifice, for the purpose of swelling the ill-gotten Pauper Fund? No, my friends, this money is wrung from the honest toil, and filched from the hard work, of the laboring men. It is money which ought to build their houses, and clothe and educate their children, and furnish their own minds with that equipment of knowledge which will make their work a thing of soul and religious significance, instead of a dull routine of mechanism.

Nor only so, but one may be intemperate without entering a bar-room. I know of men who are fierce enthusiasts upon the temperance question, — who will scarcely countenance religion, if it does not weave a temperance lecture into every sermon, — and yet these philanthropic hobby-riders are themselves guilty of the worst form of intemperance, in the excessive use of tobacco and snuff. They need the soul of temperance, — that spirit of self-denial which purifies, not alone a single quality, but the whole interior man; which labors at the fountain-head, and sets up duty and right as the paramount principles for life-guidance, and the invariable governors. Let any workingman set resolutely about a retrenchment of his needless expenses, and an abandonment of his injurious habits, and, instead of wasting his capital, let him place it in the keeping of a Bank or a Savings Institution, and a very few years will suffice to assure him of the fallacies of agrarianism. Perhaps, however, a question may grow out of the occasional suspension of banks, which

may be profitably treated here. During the present winter, the monetary world has passed through one of the most trying crises that have ever visited it. Old-established and reliable banks have temporarily suspended; and at one time it seemed highly probable that our whole Western valley would be involved in a common ruin. What nobleness and disinterestedness prevented that calamity you all know; but there was a lesson for the moralist in the excited crowds, who for a day or two besieged the banks with impatient demands for their deposits. It probably never entered into their imaginations, that they were the only dangerous and culpable parties to that temporary excitement. They never dreamed that, in most bank failures, the depositors, and not the officers, are the cause of the calamity. There are probably few banking institutions in the country which could meet an instant demand of all depositors for specie; because it is by keeping the money in circulation that they are able to pay interest upon the deposits; and it is in this way that they are serving

and advancing the common interests of society, — those interests upon which all culture and art and religion most depend. And in subserving these great purposes of social life, banks come within the sphere of Christianity, and may be dealt with by the Christian teacher. But if the means of the banks must be locked up in their vaults, if they are not to be circulated upon sufficient security, how shall they perform their Christian mission, and how shall they be enabled to pay the interest upon their deposits? The insane, or at least inconsiderate, haste with which a certain class of small depositors rushed upon the banks, and caused the business prospects of this whole valley to totter for a season, — and would have caused them to fall but for the vigorous and efficient counter-operations of a few individuals, — if it teaches us nothing else, ought to impress the truth of the necessity for faith in human integrity.

Schoolmen and theologians may speculate as they will, but depend upon it, for this work-day life of ours, we must have faith in each

other; a faith in human action of a higher order than Machiavelianism; a forbearance of a nobler stamp than selfishness inculcates; and a cheerful hope, which will see in every man something better than a designing villain. Without this common confidence, the machinery of society could not continue in action a single day. If we must distrust each other, — if the workingman must see in every capitalist a born foe, and the apprentice regard his master as a natural enemy, — if the different classes and the different creeds of society have not a common purpose, and a common labor, what will become of civilization? It would level your cities, and destroy your improvements; it would bring back with accumulated violence the Dark Ages, without an intervening "truce of God." In those dark days of feudal violence, there were seasons when the Church (honor to the Roman Catholic Church for it!) could influence the unruly robbers, falsely called nobles; and for a season every man was safe, and fair fields again blossomed, and goodly churches were built, until the cessation

of the truce brought back the former violence. So is it with Christian faith in human integrity. It goes abroad into the conflicts of clashing interests, and asserts a religious truth where too frequently no other religious voice is heard. Do nothing, I pray you, to weaken its power; nay, rather, at sacrifice and injury to yourselves, maintain it as the rule, that men are honest, and rogues are the exception, — that all have a common mission in the world, and that over the infinite variety of human callings Christianity casts a mantle of brotherhood, and will yet make their labors perfect in the creation of a grand universe of fraternity and mutual aid.

My friends, I am not unaware that I have spoken commonplace words about commonplace things; but I have been prompted by the belief that it is precisely this commonplace life-experience which requires the co-operation and strengthening of Christianity, and which religion can and ought to minister unto. If, therefore, I have mingled the sacred

and profane, it has been with the intention of making the profane better by contact with the sacred. Take these thoughts with you to your working lives, and so apply them that your work may be transformed from rude drudgery into a messenger of blessing.

LECTURE III.

SELF-EDUCATION.

"It is idleness that creates impossibilities; and where men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done. The shortest and the surest way to prove a work possible, is to set about it; and no wonder if that proves it possible that for the most part makes it so." — SOUTH.

"I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." — MILTON.

WHEN I hear of a self-made man, I am always tempted to inquire, Who is not a self-made man? Colleges and universities are not institutions to supply a lack of brain to the pampered sons of wealthy parvenus, but they are the most democratic of organizations for furnishing the minds of students according to their native capacity and industry. Suetonius tells us, that when Nero had completed his "Golden House," — as his gorgeous palace on the Palatine Hill was styled, — he

walked through its magnificent extent, covering many acres, gazed upon a piazza consisting of three rows of columns, extending more than a half-mile in length, looked upon a single room one hundred and forty-eight feet long and ninety-eight feet broad, viewed its splendid statues, pillars, baths, fountains, quadrangles, and towers, — and then exclaimed, that he had now a house fit for a *man* to live in. As it has been well remarked, "There was something of nobility, if there was more pride, in the saying. And if he had remembered that the men Severus and Celerus who built it, ay, and every hod-carrier, dwelt in that habitation whose foundation is earth, whose pillars the mountains, and whose dome the spreading heavens, — yes, if he had rightly remembered this, his pride had been less, and his true nobility greater."* But the point in the illustration to which I call your attention is this, — that the surroundings, while they may minister to the man, do not make him; but he moulds them to his purposes, and out

* Dr. Dewey.

of his use of them his character grows. Nero, in his "Golden House," may have had fainter conceptions of grandeur than some sheep-watching peasant, whose devout soul walked out into the illimitable space, and read in the infinite distances and multitude of the stars that beamed upon his lonely vigil the thoughts of God and the human soul, out of which alone grow all true culture and ideas of sublimity. And so of Education; a man may be sent to college, and even graduate there, and yet as to education, in its true sense of drawing forth the innate energies of his spirit, and widening his sympathies, and expanding his whole nature, he may be the veriest dunce that ever stumbled at the "*Pons Asinorum.*" So, also, he may be chained to a shoe-bench, or fastened to a printing-press, by his necessity for daily bread; and yet, in his close observation of men and things as they are around him, — in his careful husbanding of his spare moments, — in his judicious reading, — he shall walk in fields of knowledge and beauty; he shall feel the world growing larger,

and his own soul growing with it; he shall see a significance in his being, and in the world about him, of which the merely manufactured scholar has never dreamed.

But let me not be misunderstood: colleges and self-education are not antagonistic or rival agents of culture, but their purpose is the same, and their spheres may be so blended that a young man may receive all the advantages of our best literary institutions, and yet be emphatically a self-made man, in the fact that his term-bills have been settled from the proceeds of his own toil, and while availing himself of the best aids for culture, and for furnishing his mind with facts and ideas, like Paul of old in his devotion to the Christian religion, his own hands may "minister to his necessities." I do not design in anything I have said, or may have occasion to say, to depreciate the value of academical training in your estimation; on the contrary, I hope for the day when the young men of our country will have the privileges of a thorough collegiate education, without money

and without price. I would make the highest order of intellectual training gratuitous, and only limited by the personal merit of the student; because it is the duty of the state to educate its citizens. But I wish to teach you, that it is practicable for any young workingman to earn his education, even in a literary institution; and that, when the day for this has passed away, there are opportunities by the prudent and systematic improvement of which we may penetrate beyond the external seeming of things to their inward reality, and so become living men, instead of remaining mere toiling and suffering and decaying machines.

Time would fail me to detail all the familiar narratives of the success of earnest seekers after education amidst the discouragements of poverty. It will be enough to say of the past, that it has had its Franklin, who rose from the position of a printer's boy to that of a prince among philosophers; that Benjamin West has gone forth from his secluded home, penetrated the spirit of Art, and

left his own name to go down to all generations who love his noble occupation; that from poverty and seclusion have risen the foremost lights in Mechanics and Art and Literature which have beamed upon this young nation. But there are men of our own times, — men who breathe the same atmosphere that we do, and who are now interested in the same life that blesses us, — who have, step by step, toiled up their glorious way from poverty to renown, and are even now shedding the brightness of their example upon our path. Let us strive to profit by their career; and if not incited to scale the heights that they have won, let us at least learn from them that culture and art are not repelled by the brawny hand of labor, or unapproachable by men whose aspirations after excellence throb beneath homely garments, and who toil for their bread. Too much of mere *dilettanteism* has been associated with literature, and it has too long been regarded as unable to minister to the intellectual wants of the masses. Indeed, from the kind of literature which has

been offered them, the masses might be justified in the belief that they have no intellectual capacity. Now and then, some sturdy son of toil breaks through the barriers of his condition, and asserts his right to the higher order of intellectual food; but look at the quantity of trash which the press of our country spreads before the masses, compare, if you will, the current quality of fiction in the so-called literary papers, — the "Flags," and the "Banners," *cum multis aliis*, — compare these silly sentimental drivellers with the solid and educating tone of literature which the enterprise and true workmanlike zeal of the Chamberses and Dickens furnishes for our Transatlantic cousins, and you can but see that here literature too seldom recognizes its elevating mission; it does not, as it should do, assert its educating force; it does not permeate all classes, and cause the echo of its inspiration to repeat "Excelsior!" from every workshop and factory and forge in the land. It does not assert its eternity, but is content with an ephemeral glitter, and a

frothy reputation. The path to education, therefore, is beset with difficulties for the workingman; and it is well that at the outset we should recognize this fact, — that we should be fully aware, that, when talking about the self-education of workingmen, we are philosophizing about that which can only have reality as a result of as hard toil, and a thoroughness of application equal to that which the mechanic must bestow upon his labor, to acquire a competence or to achieve excellence in his calling. Self-education does not receive the assistance from the press and the pulpit, and from society, which it ought to receive; but, notwithstanding this, there are men who rise above these additional and improper barriers to their culture, and become masters in the departments to which they devote themselves. Among these we may find profitable illustrations in the persons of HUGH MILLER, the Geologist; ELIHU BURRITT, the Linguist; HIRAM POWERS, the Sculptor; and HORACE GREELEY, the Journalist.

The first of these commenced his career

under the most unfavorable circumstances, — having but a slight preparation, and being early put to the laborious and apparently uninspiring toil of stone-cutting. While an apprentice and journeyman stone-mason, he studied geology, and read by fire-light to such good purpose, that his name is now known everywhere as that of him who has thrown new light upon some of the most perplexing questions in that department of science. His mason's tools have opened new volumes of Nature's truth, and given fresh demonstration of the wisdom and glory of God. I know of no more delightful books, in the whole range of literature, than the "Old Red Sandstone" and "Footsteps of the Creator," which the pen of this once illiterate, obscure, and physically weak Scotch mechanic has produced. And I know of no work so worthy of a universal circulation among workingmen, — so well fitted to enkindle a true ambition, and to form a text-book of self-education, — as the "Schools and Schoolmasters" of this same most instructive author.

Hugh Miller is himself at once an example and a trophy of self-culture. From the bleak and dreary quarries in which his boyhood was spent, — from his lonely sea-side and mountain rambles, — from his associations with the illiterate, and his dismal lodging-places, Miller has sent his power over two continents, and America and France, as well as his own "bonnie Scotland," rank him in the foremost place among the geologists of his day. I will not attempt to sketch his history, nor indeed can I do this with any of the few illustrations which I shall offer you; but depend upon it, a perusal of his books will do you more good, will cause you to feel more strength and earnestness, will stimulate you to braver attempts at excellence, and in every way repay you better, than the same expenditure of time and money in any other way. Such works as his "Schoolmasters" form our only hope for the working classes from literature; and until our own people cease to canonize swindlers, and to purchase their biographies, we must even depend upon foreign literature of this cast for our national nutriment.

Of ELIHU BURRITT it is enough to say, that he pounded his anvil to such good purpose that the "sparks" have flown all across the continent; and, what is stranger still, these scintillations have an undiminished brightness yet. His laborious life and successful studies have blessed the sinking spirits of many others, who, searching for a lower standard of excellence than he has attained, have taken courage from his greater triumphs, and so have felt the power of his "League of Brotherhood." His life of earnestness is worth a century of philosophy, and is a better homily on the dignity of Labor than mortal lips can utter. A blacksmith and a linguist, he has proved an "Apostle of Peace," and deserves greater glory than those who fight their way to the nation's honors. He is a living instance of what a poor, but industrious and earnest man, may accomplish in our land, and his life is a fact of greater glory to our national institutions than all the eloquence of July orations can exaggerate. His example is of more consequence to the working-

man, if it be rightly studied, than a rise of wages or a decrease of hours. He is himself "an exposition of industry," and might almost, for his varied acquisitions among the languages of all countries, be called "an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations." Let our mechanics copy his example, and they will find that excellence is as near and as surely attainable to the mechanics of Illinois, as to him of Connecticut.

Hiram Powers was a native of New England, and was taken to Cincinnati a poor, uneducated boy. While very young, he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. Patience, industry, and temperance have had quite as much to do with making him famous, as his undoubted genius. "While a boy," we are told, "he displayed a mechanical genius of the most remarkable kind. With a common knife or file, he would shape a piece of wood or metal into any form to suit his fancy. Without any previous instruction, he succeeded in building an organ, and invented

a lathe for turning metals. Brass, iron, and stone were equally manageable in his hands." He probably obtained quite as much renown in Cincinnati by the construction of a model called the "Lower Regions," which seems to have materialized Dante's Inferno, as he has since gained all over the world by his Eve and the Greek Slave. His residence in Rome and Florence was the result of hard toil, the means being slowly accumulated; and he probably owes much of his final success to Greenough, who, like a true artist, extended a helping hand to the struggling genius. He is probably best known as the producer of that more than classic creation, the Greek Slave. The stern chastity of this piece of statuary makes it, in the estimation of many competent judges, even superior to that masterpiece, the Venus de' Medici. For varied and yet always pure and truthful expression, the Slave is a masterpiece; and yet one can scarcely look upon his later productions, Eve and the Fisher-Boy, without regretting that the Greek Slave should seem to rob those per-

fect works of Art of their true glory. All that Powers does, he performs well; he has set a grand ideal before him; he is indefatigably laborious, and his private character is said to be above reproach. These facts, and his steady perseverance under the most difficult and trying circumstances, are probably the true secrets of his rise from the position of a poor, friendless boy, in the streets of Cincinnati, to that of the world's greatest sculptor in this age. And these same traits of character, faithfully developed and carefully guarded, will raise any young workingman, or any poor boy, if not to the same height of fame, yet to the same position of actual nobility. It is by these that our lives become actual, and our poverty wears a nobler mantle than Tyrian purple in the estimation of God and all good men. There is a sphere into which no wealth can purchase admission, — there is a sanctity which cannot be bribed, and which Mammon cannot control, — a sphere which demonstrates the littleness of mere wealth, without noble aspirations, and the folly of

those who spurn their superiors in mind, because of a fancied inferiority of blood or of possessions. I mean the sphere of the intellect; that into which any poor man may work his way, and which demands the same toil of all, or denies its degree to them. A man may carry a rough exterior, and dwell in humble lodgings, and yet he shall commune with the kings and princes of thought, and pity the Dives who looks from the wallow of his selfish littleness with an air of contempt, as if he really lived in a higher state. Believe me, my friends, you may live in a garret, and know more grandeur and sublimity, more fact and philosophy, more of that intellectual spirituality, which is the only real substance, than those who mistake their poor external seeming for reality, and worship the shadow, without the power to understand the substance.

Horace Greeley is a man of our own times, who, whatever may be the faults of his judgment, is yet a good example of the success of perseverance. He probably owes all

his present position of eminence as a journalist to the fact that he was a good workman when a journeyman printer. That he is a man of crotchets and curious impulses, I think his best friends will not doubt; that his social theories are always practical, I think no one will assert. But yet, with all the improprieties of his judgment, and the palpable follies of his Fourierite dreams, — with the dead weight of a heart too generous to learn to look with stoicism upon the great social wrongs which have become institutions in our land, — he has succeeded in rising from poverty to eminence, and has won not only a competence, but the respect of men who have very little respect for his theories. That he has great goodness of heart, I think there can be no question; but it is to his earnest industry, to his manly resolution to make himself heard and felt, that he owes his elevation to the post of "Tribune," — standing between the two great classes of society, and endeavoring to sustain the lower against the oppression of the upper. The writer of a recent

eulogistic biography of him has summed up his excellence in a way that will answer the point of my use of his life as an illustration, and so I will borrow his language. "He began life as a workingman. As a workingman, he found out and experienced the disadvantages of the workingman's condition. He rose from the ranks to a position of commanding influence. But he ceased to be a workingman *with* workingmen, only to become a workingman *for* workingmen." This much, I think, we may all admit; and it is from this point of view that I wish you to gather strength from his example, to make your toil subservient to your higher life and grander interests. Never, I pray you, be content to labor for mere wages; always have a purpose to your life, which shall raise it above the consideration of money or clothing or possessions as an end. Remember that you have a life within you of more consequence than the decaying interests over which the mercenary struggle, and for which fools live and die, but by which wise men are made more useful to

themselves and to others. Remember, that it is educated mind which governs the universe; that ignorance is the voluntary waste of the noblest powers of our being, and is a waste which ought not to be permitted. At the proper time, I shall endeavor to show you that there is no workingman, and no apprentice, who may not, by reasonable industry, furnish his intellect with a good and sufficient culture. One would think that no sentient and rational creature could be content to live in our world without knowing more of its majestic beauty, more of its marvellous wonders, than commonly passes into the conception of men. Pick up a pebble, — examine a wild-flower, — look upon the hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," — go forth when the stars in their myriad diversities of sparkling beauty are making the night a thing of glory and of joy, — stand upon yonder ancient bluff, on which Marquette gazed as his canoe floated down this wonderful river, — look out upon a sunset such as Italy cannot afford, — wander out upon the prairies, when they are like a

heaving ocean of verdure and of flowers, — look within you, — listen to the mysterious past, with its accumulation of goodness, of thought, of science, and of art, — all for you. Behold what passes before the eyes of every working-man, however lowly his lot, every hour of the day, and tell me if you are willing to tug and strain for a morsel of bread and a change of raiment, and then to die in the midst of these mysterious sublimities, without knowing more about them than the horse or dead machine which you control and work with?

But you will say to me, that you are not content to be uneducated, — that the horizon of your mental desires is continually widening as you ascend the hill of knowledge; — but, you will say, "No one cares for us; No one lightens our heavy burden; and though giants in energy and mental power may succeed in overcoming the obstacles to their pursuit of culture, yet we shall faint, and must not attempt the warfare unaided." You will say, too, that you have claims upon the assistance of others, and they are quite as guilty in neg-

lecting you, as you are in faltering at so great a work. And while there is somewhat of fallacy, there is also much of fact in this plea. Let us see, then, what might be done to aid the self-education of these persons.

Literature may aid this work, as I have already suggested, by furnishing an instructive and useful class of reading at a moderate price. I know of nothing in which an individual could prove a greater benefactor to the workingmen of our country, than by popularizing the great facts of science and art, and presenting them in an attractive form. I am convinced that a work upon the model of the English "Penny Cyclopædia," but brought down to our own time and applied to our nationality, would be of more service to our country than the conquest of Mexico or the purchase of Cuba; and until such works do exist in our country, public libraries and familiar lectures must take their places. But we owe it to our national welfare to frown upon the introduction of so much worse than trash, into our communities, under the im-

proper appellation of literature, and, so far as our influence goes, to use it in favor of the truthful and educating.

The Church and the pulpit, I can but think, have a duty to perform in this direction, which has so far been but feebly recognized and performed. Too often, religionists and workingmen are both in error as to the use of Sunday. The laborer tells us, "The Sabbath is made for man"; that it is a day of rest; that it is the only time for him to attend to his gardening, to hunt, to fish, or to read silly novels. The man makes a great mistake by deducing false consequences from correct premises; and his logic leads to the loss of his best opportunities for strengthening and expanding his spiritual life.

Sunday is undoubtedly the workingman's day of rest. But muscular activity may not be the best kind of rest for him, — as certainly physical inactivity and mental dissipation are not. He may rest his weary limbs, and yet he may devote the hours of this day of rest to profitable religious and educational exer-

cises. He may go to church, if the church performs its duty to him, in furnishing him with profitable food for thought; and if not, he may stay at home, or wander out into the fields, and learn from his books something of the significance of his life and of the beauty of his surroundings. But this involves that vexed question, whether anything but dogmas may be profitably advanced from the pulpit, — a question which I have no difficulty about deciding for myself, and cannot spare time to settle for others.

Society owes a duty to the education of the working classes, which exceeds even its obligation to furnish the means of culture. It is too true, that in our republican country even the internal man is not regarded so strictly as the external. Too often a fool or a debauchee will be countenanced for his wealth, when genius and learning in rags would be spurned. We are governed too much by the seeming, and do not often enough penetrate to the reality. The mind is too frequently valued less than the garments, and

the stains of honest toil are deemed badges of disgrace. These things ought not to be. They are creating more social injury than we dream of. Their effects are not limited to the obstruction of the path to culture, or an injury to the feelings of sensitive and yet meritorious men, but they are the secrets of the extravagance which induces our young men to waste their means and their time upon their attire, and adornment of their persons, while their minds and hearts are allowed to go unfurnished and uncared for. Do you lament the absence of mental power and intellectual tastes on the part of your clerks and mechanics? Then, depend upon it, you must show them that you value these things higher than the fopperies of dress and falsities of fashion. You must make the mind and heart the standard, and never give the young man reason to infer that villany and meanness may purchase their way into good society; but rather show them that the degrees of our social life all rest upon distinctions of merit and of culture. Do these things faithfully, and you will

not long have to lament the absence of a love for intellectual pursuits, or a scarcity of intellectual workingmen. But the Golden Age of Labor will be begun, and the workman will love his toil; and under his hand it will be not less an embodiment of his spirit than a thing of beauty. Then fair buildings will arise, unsightliness will disappear, and cathedrals and art-galleries will take the place of temples of mere Mammon; then our merchants will be as princes, and as the honorable of the earth; our laborers will find an inspiration in their toil, and the spirit of beauty shall be given to the clods of the valley, and dwell in our habitations for ever.

LECTURE IV.

READING AND RECREATION, OR HELPS TO LEARNING AND HINTS FOR LIVING.

"Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. . . . . Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward, flapping and hanging about his shoulders." — THOMAS FULLER.

"But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labor and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care, not only the deciding of our contentious law-cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes." — MILTON.

THERE is a traditionary story connected with the library of one of our American universities, to the effect that, once upon a time, a new student, upon drawing day, approached the librarian, staggering under the weight of an immense folio in black letter, which had long

been a dusty ornament to the college library, and the principal value of which was probably the pride of possession, — like a great many other dusty books which cumber the shelves of public libraries, and are an immense expense, merely that it may be said that such an institution possesses that rare black-letter copy of somebody (whom nobody knows), about something (for which nobody cares). Our Freshman, in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, at last reached the librarian's desk, and, depositing his camel's load of ancient nonsense, gravely requested the official to charge that book to him. Surprised at the unusual choice of the young man, and perhaps cherishing a lurking hope that he had stumbled upon some rare specimen of precocious bibliomania, the librarian eagerly inquired his reason for selecting that book from among the hundred thousand volumes of the library. His reply was, that, as he supposed he must read all the books before he graduated, he thought he would begin in that corner with the large ones, and so work down by degrees!

The anecdote is worth just this, that it illustrates the perplexity with which those who are thrown among books, without an academical training, regard the whole subject of reading. More time is lost by workingmen, and by other men too, in deciding what to read, and in reading what is useless, than would serve to make a profound scholar of any man of good native intellectual powers. A young man may be earnestly desirous of furnishing his mind with all the information he can obtain, but he grows weary and disheartened, as he toils through volume after volume with no perceptible increase of his treasures. He does not know, perhaps, that while he forgets names and dates, and even facts themselves, his mind is receiving its best reward for his toil, in the discipline which it gradually attains; he does not understand that good books, like good company, polish all who come in contact with them, though the words and dresses of their surroundings pass from the memory. And so he tugs and strains to become a scholar, with a false standard of scholarship before

him; he despairs of becoming a self-made man, while the process of self-formation is in its most active stage. He looks too much to the external, and too little to the internal; and perhaps reverences some pedagogue as a type of scholarship, for his rapid utterance of unknown tongues, and egotistical assertions of unheard-of scientific hypotheses, and confident riding of strange hobbies in Natural Philosophy, which an Agassiz or a Liebig would not dare to mount; forgetting that a parrot may be taught to do all this, but that true scholarship, like the forces of Nature, is always at work, but never noisy, accomplishing most when not seen, and giving but a faint expression to the outward of what exists within. To meet these difficulties, and to furnish a few plain directions for useful reading, is the object, for the most part, of this Lecture; and as I wish to give practical directions, you must pardon me if I seem to descend to unimportant minutiæ.

Method is a most important agent in cul-

ture. Centralize the scattered and desultory labors of a few years, and they will produce more than you dare to dream of. For this purpose, it is important to have a plan of study. Set out with a resolute purpose of obtaining a given kind of knowledge, and you will not only obtain that, but a great deal more. Commence, if you please, with the history of your own country, and it will branch out into Geography, Politics, Geology, Botany, Conchology, and Mineralogy; and so will lead to a study of all these branches of science in the abstract, in their application to the central subject with which you have started. So that, in order to become a very respectable scholar, — or at least a very well-informed reader, — it is not necessary to lay out a great deal of ground. Start with some one central idea, and faithfully follow up its developments, and you will find the field always opening to your vision, and the interest of the occupation constantly increasing. Starting with Bancroft's History of the United States as your sole text-book and preceptor, and keeping

within the relative and logical connections of that work, you may in ten years acquire an education, by the faithful use of spare hours — fragments of time — which are now wasted in perusing worse than useless books, which enervate your powers and rob you of true wealth.

And just here I am led to notice some fallacies which have become current, and which are working injuriously in retarding the education of our working classes.

One of these fallacies is, that a great many hours *per diem* must be devoted to study, in order to attain proficiency. The truth is, that most mechanics waste more time than students devote to reading. As a proof of this, we may mention the fact, that the almost innumerable productions of Bulwer are the results of a systematic devotion of four hours *per diem* to writing. Blanco White, when quite advanced in life, devoted fifteen minutes per day to the study of the Greek language, and before he died he had fairly mastered that tongue, and read most of its literature.

Many of the first literary men in America are engaged in other callings; and perhaps one might even risk the assertion, that the larger portion of magazine articles and lyceum lectures are the results of a frugal and systematic investment of spare half-hours by those whose lives are full of labor. It does not require a great amount of time, but a thorough system and regular perseverance, to make one's reading profitable. If Bulwer can in four hours a day produce so much literature, surely we may hope to acquire some minor attainments by a rigid adherence to the plan of setting apart two hours a day.

Let us see, however, whether the necessary time can be spared from other occupations. We will take the case of a mechanic who is required to labor ten hours a day; this leaves fourteen hours, and, deducting three for eating and recreation, there are still eleven left. Now deduct two of these for study, say from seven o'clock till nine in the evening, and we have still a good margin left for sleep.

Two hours per day, in ten years, omitting

Sundays, will amount to six thousand two hundred and forty hours, — nearly two years of ten-hour days; or, at the rate of six hours' study *per diem*, for the collegiate year of forty weeks, equivalent to four years and twenty weeks.

So that, in ten years, the faithful setting apart of two hours a day actually amounts to more than the time of an ordinary collegiate course. And yet we are told that our workingmen have no time to study; and for want of opportunity to become useful, they are condemned to idle lounging at the corners of the streets, or at best become masters of the art of checkers, or professors of profanity, or develop the resources of the country by becoming tobacco and whiskey consuming machines.

Then some people — and there are a great many of them — have settled it to their own satisfaction, that they have no *genius* for study; and therefore they cannot obtain any benefit from efforts at self-culture. Depend upon it, there is no greater fallacy in the

world, than that which would substitute genius for industry. It may be that there are persons who seem to be born with an intuitive appreciation of the most complex mathematical problems, but true genius is always dependent upon culture. That order of genius which can dispense with industry is a disease, — an abnormal condition of some special department of mind, — and is as little desirable as a physical superfluity of one part to the injury of another. All true genius recognizes and bows to the Creator's ordinance of toil as the price of excellence, and is even pressing on to greater heights of attainment and wider expanses of mental horizon. The spirit of beauty is hidden, as precious gems are stored in the earth; and though one may chance to obtain a glimpse of it without great labor, — as he may pick up a nugget of gold on the beach, — yet the law is, that only by effort shall the riches of the mental or physical world be secured; and he who waits for genius to kindle his lamp of knowledge may sit in darkness all his days, while some patient

plodder shall mount to realms of light, and be thrilled with the music of the spheres. Genius may "light its own fire," but industry must keep it burning. Set it down, then, as a determined fact, that you can accomplish much with the methodical outlay of little time, but that nothing can be done without labor. And now let me offer you a few hints which may be of service in enabling you to read to the best advantage.

Read none but good books. And by this I do not mean that reading should be confined to Baxter's "Saint's Rest" or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which — capital books as they are in their sphere — would not serve to fill one's mind with very accurate scientific facts. But I mean that, in whatever department you may wish to read, it is better to read the best authors than to wade through the dilutions of their works to be found in gaudily bound and badly printed "Gazetteers," and "Histories of the World," which profess to contain in one volume all that the ages have served to accumulate. More harm

is done by reading poor substitutes for good books than any money or labor-saving can possibly compensate for. Perhaps you will complain that the style of these better works does not suit you, — that it is "too dry," and "too little like a story"; that is because stories are not facts, and you need facts and not stories. Story-writers have adopted an inflated and unreal style, and you can do no better work for your culture than to read these "dry" books until you can relish them with a better zest than you now feel when poisoning your minds with buccaneer and bravo improbabilities. If you read history, therefore, let it be of the type of Hume, Macaulay, Grote, Bancroft, and Sparks. If poetry, that of Spenser, Milton, Young, Cowper, and our own Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell. For style, read the Lectures of Thackeray, Giles, Whipple, and Dewey. To attain logical discrimination, read Story on the Constitution, Marshall's Judicial Decisions, and Blackstone's Commentaries. For a perception of God's presence in the souls of men, and of

the beauty and glory of good and true lives, read the Biographies of Neff, Oberlin, Howard, Buxton, Channing, Wesley, Knox, Swedenborg, and John Fox. For travels, peruse Robinson's Biblical Researches, Lynch's Dead Sea, and Layard's Nineveh and Babylon. And so in philosophy and science, you may make the acquaintance of the great minds of Whewell, Wayland, Upham, Agassiz, and Humboldt.

Do not try to remember all you read. You might as reasonably attempt to recall to your memories all the kinds of food by which your physical system has been sustained and strengthened during the last ten or twenty years, as to burden your minds with the precise terms in which various authors convey great facts or clothe great principles. You need the nutriment, the substance, of books; and you cannot read a good book attentively without deriving benefit from it, however imperceptibly you imbibe its good. To facilitate your grasp of the works you read, and your apprehension of their spirit, it is well to

make notes of the leading tenor of argument, on the general direction of the narrative.

Besides reading for information, bear in mind that all reading and all education has its most important agency in its effects upon your mental discipline. It is well, therefore, as a matter of thought, to dissect a book occasionally, — analyze it, — resolve it to its particles, — throw it into the crucible of criticism, — hold an imaginary conversation with its author (Prescott or Guizot or Cicero, perhaps), — show him his absurdities, — reveal his hidden follies, — bring up his mixed metaphors to the scorn of a hypercritical community, — and prove to him that *he* might have done better, and that *you* certainly could. Thus you may hold a revel in the charnel-house of metaphysics, and a holiday in company with hard style, which, if it does not put life into the dry bones of the book, will certainly brace up your own powers, and enable you to walk more firmly upon the ascending Parnassus, and to gaze without blinking upon the literary luminaries.

There are means by which, without any very great outlay, — without a greater expenditure than a mechanic's apprentice can afford, — the use of the necessary books can be procured. But it is well, if possible, to possess a few good books. They form the pleasantest of acquaintances, and one soon learns to regard these treasuries of the thought of the good and earnest as living things, rather than paper and print. A good library is an anchor to keep a young man from roving, and a helm to aid an old man to gain the greatest possible benefit from what remains of the breeze. Books are the conservators of society, — they are never carried off by temporary excitements, nor bribed by office, but remain as true to what Plato thought and Cicero spoke as though these great ones had never passed from earth. A few shelves well filled are greater ornaments, and surer indications of the respectability of a young man, than *outre* garments and mosaic chairs. They will cleave to him when friends are false, and fortune frowns; and even though his poverty obliges

him to part with them, they will linger about his memory, and dwell in his heart, like the presence of a holy affection when death has removed its object. By all means, have some good books to call your own. Add to them as rapidly as you can; and if you will curtail your needless expenses, you can soon obtain a good library. Give me the money which the young men of our city waste in cigars, because it is so genteel to smoke; and in fine apparel, because richer people wear it; and in parties, because everybody goes; and in horses, because Sunday is a day of rest, for everybody to ride, — and I will endow a free library, and free lectures, and free schools, which shall make our city so noted for literature, that all who wish to come within the sphere of it shall flock here to dwell, and fill our streets with buildings and our wharves with boats, and develop the wealth, which is only waiting for more capital and labor to enrich our city and enlarge its borders.

Form Reading Clubs. Let a few young men associate themselves for the purpose of

mutual cultivation; let them read the same works, and devote a small portion of one or two evenings in the week to a comparison of their impressions. This, while it will help to fasten the topics of their study in the mind, will also furnish an incitement to careful reading; and, if the club can procure a very slow reader as one of their number, let them prize him very highly for his services in retarding their too rapid skimming of the surface of books. Such a person in a club would be worth more than a professor in a college, and his slowness would advance the real progress of the club more than the fire of genius. The tendency is always to too great a degree of rapidity in reading, and our natural impulsiveness and haste lead us rushing blindly over the beauties and treasures of literature, skipping whole chapters of good thought, because they seem to a casual glance to be "dry," and leaping over pages and sentences in an impetuous desire to see how it ends. Indeed, our reading public are generally too much like a mob at a public execution, crowding and jostling,

hasting and fuming, to witness the catastrophe. We are always in a hurry to reach the end, — not alone of books, — but of wealth and the growth of empire; and too often in our haste we overlook the facts of rectitude and conscience, and those very "dry chapters," — in the estimation of this "fast" age, — the Decalogue and Lord's Prayer.

Do not expect too much. The amount of culture which, under the best of opportunities, can be obtained in this mortal condition, is very small. The great mathematician, Laplace, when his earthly career was closing, said, "That which I know is limited, that which I do not know is infinite." And Newton, with his profundity of mental grasp, and the great glories of his demonstrations shedding a brightness upon his name, — even he compared himself to a boy upon the beach picking up pebbles of knowledge, with the infinite ocean spread before him. We cannot comprehend all knowledge, nor can we read all that is written; let us be satisfied with reasonable progress, and judge of our faithful-

ness, not by the results, but by our diligence in striving.

Let me add to these suggestions for reading a few hints for living. The great purpose of life is too often overlooked, and we become so immersed in our poor temporary excitements, that we forget our higher and more permanent interests. The proper rule for judging character is what the man is, not what he has. We may make our life just what we please, because our externalities will take their coloring from our inward life; and so a man may live, like Diogenes, in a tub, and yet the man shall exalt his humble abode into a thing of beauty; or he may dwell in a palace, with a spirit that will make his dwelling the meanest of tubs. It is the man, and not his dwelling, or his clothing, that constitutes the essential; and just as he is, so will his surrounding be. He may make life a matter of toil and vexation, and go down to his grave like the close of a dismal day; or he may walk erect on the earth, as in the fair palace of God, and evolve out of all his toil and discipline an

harmonious and true life, which shall make him joyous here and jubilant hereafter.

Man is made to labor, but not to be a beast of burden; and, if he will chain himself to endless and unmitigated toil, let him not blame Providence, but his own want of manhood, which compels him to bow to the money-seeking and wealth-possessing decrees of our republican aristocracy. He may be a man, and Christian, if he be as rich as Crœsus; and so too he may be a true man, and a happy man, if he be as poor as Job. Wealth is a good, but not the highest good; labor is a necessity, but not the sole necessity. Our spirits need recreation; we need more play-time than we get; and we have no right to rob our minds and souls of their Sabbaths, or our physical systems of their sleep, in order to obtain it. We have no right to toil and tug through the week, and post ledgers and work like day-laborers in our gardens on Sunday, or to strive to find recreation after a hard day of toil in a harder night of exercise in the ball-room. There are times more suitable, and

recreations more fitting, than these. It is strange that the men whose lives are spent in muscular exertions are those who seek muscular amusements; while those whose lives are sedentary are generally found amusing themselves with recreations which confine them to the laboratory or study.

This matter needs a reform; and if any one must throw quoits and play ball, let it be the ministers and lawyers, who die before they ought to, for want of proper exercise. Much may be done for self-education by judicious recreation. Let our mechanics devote their summer evenings to geologizing and botanizing, and their winter evenings to astronomy and lectures, and educated and literary laboring men will soon cease to be a rarity. But beware of selfishness in your amusements. A man may flatter himself that he is exceedingly wise in arranging his life so as to make the most money, and at the same time to cultivate his tastes, when he is robbing the most sacred and important parts of his being of their due. Remember, there is a time to all

things, and to everything a season; and Sunday is the time and season for religious and moral culture: you have six days in which to toil, and your toiling days constitute six sevenths of your lives. Can you give the whole of this great portion of your earthly existence to unvaried scrambling after food and raiment? Ought you not to reserve a portion of your working days for gardening and scientific recreations? Ought you not to seek rational and profitable recreation out of doors, in God's free air, under his broad sky and upon his speaking earth, rather than to crowd into ill-ventilated billiard-rooms and groceries? You cannot always work; but when you play, O let it be with a purpose, and to good result! Let the fresh air breathe its vitality into your lungs, — let the cold water cleanse your labor-stains, — let the earth reveal its stored wonders, — let the birds sing for you, the flowers tell of God, the great hills point toward heaven, and the blooming prairie materialize the poet's dream of Paradise. Play, — for your nature as much

as that of the child needs it, — but let it be as you would seek pleasure in heaven; for heaven is all about you, if you will but discern it. Make the earth your minister, and be not its servant; use it, but do not permit it to abuse you. And so blending study and recreation with a filial and devout spirit, you shall understand the mystery of life, and prove religion a fact, and not a fancy; a thing of to-day, with its vital pulses full of sympathy, and its warm heart throbbing, and its energies active for all the human kind, and not a frozen dream, an accumulated absurdity, and a thing of forms and cant and hypocrisy. Blend religion with your lives, and they shall be full of generous deeds and loving thoughts; and each day bring you nearer to God, and to the hearts of all the good men of all time.

LECTURE V.

CHARACTER. — ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

"Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded" (or discreet). — Titus ii. 6.

"There is *humilitas quædam in vitio*.* If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man." — SELDEN.

"To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. . . . . To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysium. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot, as the moles of Adrianus." — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

CHARACTER is our national want. As a people, we need positiveness. Nations, like individuals, need age in order to maturity; and so we may look upon our want of firm,

* Such a thing as a faulty excess of humility.

settled national character as a result of our national boyhood, which the natural accumulation of years will in a great measure rectify. But it sometimes happens to individuals, that they grow to old age without passing beyond the boyhood of character; and so it may happen to the nation, if the individuals composing it are not taught to recognize the importance and necessity of a well-balanced and thoroughly matured and manly character. It is because I believe there is a necessity for their attention to the subject, and that its main interests and results depend upon their course in reference to it, that I have ventured to present this topic to the young men of Alton, and to ask their attention to my thoughts and expressions upon this most important matter. The young men have especial claims upon the attention of the pulpit; and the pulpit, may I not say, has an especial claim upon their sympathies. The vocation of the pulpit is at once an educating and a conservative one. It utters, age after age, the same exhortations to virtue, and the same

warnings against vice, and knows no distinction of age or circumstance, but looks upon humanity as the object of its solicitude. Contrary to a common fallacy, the pulpit does not see in the substantial and wealthy men of the community its most anxious charge. These it may benefit more easily and more effectually than it can reach those whose habits are not formed, whose characters have not assumed a decided tone, and whose circumstances and plans of life are all fluctuating and undecided. Believe me, then, if I may speak for the profession from my personal feeling, it is the young men of our country toward whom the pulpit looks with its most serious and anxious hopes. Upon their co-operation depend, not only the safety and well-being of society externally, but its internal soundness and vitality. Upon the characters formed by the young men of our own day it will depend whether the future of our country shall be that of ancient Rome, with its external glitter and internal decay and death, or the rise of a commonwealth, which, having Christian prin-

ciple for its heart, shall enshrine the life of Christ in its history, and become immortal in its deeds.

God has not designed that we of this young nation shall reproduce the old regal pomps and childish externalities of those countries and ages, when men could not discern between the tinsel and pageantry with which despots amuse the masses, and the true vitality of a golden age, when rectitude rules without noise or show, and the pulses of a free people throb with the common purpose of accomplishing a grand destiny. We have a nobler and more permanent mission than the conquest of other tribes by the superiority of our brute force over their brutal weakness; we have a destiny which requires the discipline of the mind and heart, by more than Spartan perseverance of application. For the purpose which Providence has evidently contemplated through the history of our country, it is not sufficient that we have men of iron muscles; we must have those whose motives and purposes are strong and well trained, and

whose aspirations reach beyond the shadow, which is ever fleeting, to the substance, which is ever permanent. We need men with souls as well as bodies; and the merely trading and accumulating animals are not much better for the purposes of our national destiny than the merely physical.

A great proof of the world's progress may be seen in the different standards of character required of the masses. In Sparta, I doubt not, Poole, the Pugilist, might have earned a greater triumph than in the metropolis of America; but here his life has been useless and an injury (save in one thing, — that he has demonstrated the possibility of physical existence with a bullet lodged in the heart). But while demagogues may catch at a ruffian's death, and make it a patriot's martyrdom, this is an exception to the general course; the rule proves the necessity for the prominence of the intellectual and moral man, in order to permanent and substantial social eminence and usefulness.

No young man should permit himself to

pass the age of twenty-two years without a thoroughly definite object for his life, and a well-defined plan for pursuing it. Previous to this period, he is of course under guardians who have the responsibility of forming his character; but even then much will lie within himself, for he must choose his own associates, and upon his choice of them will depend his influence upon the world. Let him set out, then, with a worthy purpose and a clear aim. Let him not be deceived by the seeming acquiescence of society with practices which will not bear the test of the grand ordinance, "*As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise.*" Let him not be deceived into the fatal error of imagining that rectitude and virtue are old-fashioned externalities, which are dependent upon the maxims of men. Let him not dream that any practices of trade, any falsities of social custom, any demands of an employer, or any line of conduct on the part of those around him, which depart from the spirit of right and duty embodied in the Gos-

pel, can be justified to his own conscience or beneficial to his true interests. Let him learn that there is a grander object for his life than the ministry to its physical necessities, in the production of an harmonious and strong character.

Permit me, now, to point out one or two elements of true character which may be worth your attention, and by developing which, even at great cost of patience and discipline, you will be greatly benefited, and at the same time confer a lasting blessing upon the coming ages, as they depend upon the influences of the present.

INDIVIDUALITY is one of the important elements of character which both the tendencies of our synthetic times and the habits of our trading and accumulating people are likely to make more obscure than is consonant with the best interests of the race; and therefore I shall call your attention to it, at the risk of overlooking other principles, which, being more frequently urged upon your attention, may not suffer by any neglect of them. Our ideas

of humanity are too generally associated with the race, rather than with the individuals of the race. We think of man as building cities as belonging to bodies; even the Christian man is so generally associated with the idea of a multitudinous church, that it is a very common thing to doubt if a Christian man can be found outside of that organization. This generalization of our ideas of humanity leads us to a distrust of our individual powers, and a mistaken notion of responsibility. The tendency of it is to lead us to throw our responsibility into a common stock, and to feel that, if the great body does well, we have contributed towards its accomplishment; but if it does ill, our influence as constituents in the mass is so very little, that our responsibility must be proportionably light. And then from humanity we are very likely to carry our reasoning up to Providence, and to regard it as a power which governs the great current of events, with very little care for or acquaintance with the rills and streams from which the current is fed and derives its

importance. It is very natural, indeed, that a young man, looking upon all the living tribes and busy interests by which he is surrounded, should cry, "*What am I among so many?* What is *one* among the thronging crowds and succeeding generations of the earth? Shall I not pass my day in the same fretful dreams which have visited others, and pass away to be replaced and forgotten by others? Of what consequence is one among so many myriads of existences? Have not millions before me lived the same life, endured the same sorrows, partaken of the same joys, beheld the same sunshine, and tilled the same earth? And in doing all this, were they not the recipients of some common endowment of fixed fate, and absolute, unalterable natural necessity? If anything in the universe directs the affairs of men, is it not with reference to their totality? and if there be a Providence, is it not a Providence which regards the race, but does not stoop to isolated cases?" These questions, I say, are very common among our young men; and yet they are not discourag-

ing, for they show that the religious nature is working like leaven in their hearts. But when made in a tone of discouragement, they are not wise. He who puts these questions to himself, and, failing of a satisfactory answer from his own hasty and imperfect philosophy, and from the opinions of men as embodied in the creeds of churches, abandons the sacredness of his individual life, or perverts it to merely selfish and temporary uses, not only wars against the spirit of the New Testament, but he contradicts the plainest teaching of his own experience. Lay aside, now, for a moment all Christian teaching; ignore revelation; and regard the teachings of Jesus, either as mysteries too subtle for the ordinary intellect to grasp, or as the feverish dreams of an enthusiast; sweep away at one stroke all faith in the authenticity of the miracles; — and yet, in the diversities of the individualities in the race, your own experience shall reveal as profound a mystery, as marvellous a miracle, a fact as unreconcilable with the idea of a merely temporary and

sensuous existence, as any recorded in the Evangelic narratives. It is true, there are general necessities and general influences, which modify the individual to some extent; but underlying all these there is a personality which no general or social influences can absorb. Every man, after all, is a unit; his experiences are his alone; his tastes are peculiarly his; and, with all the general traits of character, each mind is in some respect different from every other mind. And the difference is that which gives color to all the rest; the distinctive feature is chief, and all the others are subordinates and dependencies. Every man's knowledge of himself will assure him, that, behind all the results of training, of social influence, of inheritance, and of good or ill fortune, there yet remains what all these can only modify, — himself; that, despite the steady flow of influences which would seem naturally to merge him into a common vortex, he is a distinct personality; that, while associating with others, he is separate from them, a being within himself. And if this

is the teaching of experience, it is not less the teaching of revelation; for what is it but a repetition of Paul's inquiry, "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit which is in man?"—the declaration of a personality whose depth no external eye may fathom, whose powers none other may know, and whose energies none other may exercise. And is not this united testimony a testimony to positive, sacred truth? Is there not a spirit within us which is but faintly shadowed to the outward? Is not the silence of sympathy more expressive than the utterance of language? And, after all attempts at expression and description, is there not, either in grief or gladness, a residue of experience, or sensation, which we feel to be incommunicable? Let the experiences of life be ever so common and general, each individuality gathers them into a fresh combination; and every new combination of them is a new life; it constitutes an identity never to be lost; it separates and distinguishes every soul among the teeming generations from every other soul,

saves it from being ingulfed in a vortex of humanity, and crowns it with the glory of heirship and participation in the Divine.

In our day of busy generalization, we need to recognize the important element, Individuality, in forming our characters; to withdraw ourselves for a season from the hurrying current, and inquire what we are and whither we are tending, and what part we have in deciding our sphere and the results to the future of our existence. We necessarily feel the influence and recognize the government of our individualism in our ordinary life experience, in our buying and selling, in our eating and dressing. But do we as fully recognize its importance in the formation of our characters as we should do?

It is the great source of our temptations, or rather our yielding to them, that we undervalue the sanctity and importance of our own souls, and over-estimate the significance of the voices of the multitude. We allow custom to dictate rules which we are conscious are not only distasteful but injurious.

If fashion set up an idol, which in our independence we despise, we fall down and worship it, at the dictate of the many. What is it but a lack of confidence in the strength and value of our absolute individuality, which causes us to be so fearful of the world's censure that we hesitate to follow to the furthest and remotest point the leadings of our own thought? And what is it but a manifestation of this same distrust in their individualism, as operated upon by Christian truth, which causes religionists to frame creeds, and to fortify themselves by denunciations against departure from the well-beaten track of established belief? We too often lose sight of the fact, that revelation is addressed to us as individuals, and that religion is a personal matter; and we strive to reduce it to generalization, we invent religious machinery, which shall accomplish the culture of the whole mass, instead of viewing it as a matter of solemn personal responsibility, and with that word, Responsibility, on our lips, we dictate the form of belief, the color of the emotions, the shape of

the impulses, which must prevail in each case of recognized religious experience. Now all this is radically wrong. Religion must be brought home to our individualism; it must be applied to that inner being, which underlies all external manifestations; it must form the bond of contact between the soul and God. And to do this effectually, it is not sufficient merely to produce a given mental attainment, or to create an intellectual soundness, but it is necessary that one's individuality be preserved unmarred, and that so the influences of religion reach and act upon it.

Pardon me for this theological digression; I will leave this part of the subject to your own thought. But, believe it, young men, man is created, not to be an atom of some majestic structure, with his identity crushed out by the greater mass of his surroundings; he is not even a shining particle in some bright orb, whose brilliancy engrosses his individual lustre; but he is a LIVING SOUL, separate, distinct, and independent, to a certain extent, of every other soul, with distinct traits and offi-

ces of character, methods of influence peculiar to himself, and an individual mission to perform. While, therefore, you may copy the good example of those whom you reverence, do it, not because it is *their* example, but because it is *good*. Be independent in thought and action, and be bound to those about you by a community of feeling, and not by a tie of conventionality.

One might almost venture to assert, that in the general absence of this element of individuality in the characters of our people is to be found the solution of the problem of our partyism, and the facility with which demagogues in politics, and quacks in the professions, and schemers in the arts of speculation, rob the people of their rights and health and substance. It is the secret of caucuses and wire-pullings, of sectarian triumphs and dogmatic meannesses, of honesty and rectitude in rags, and drunkenness and rowdyism ruling the nation. It leads young men to the billiard-saloons, because their companions frequent them; causes them to incur need-

less expenses, lest "others" should jeer them; teaches them vice and drunkenness, because "others" are adepts in them; and obliges them to waste their leisure time in foolish and extravagant pursuits, because "others" follow them. Be firm in your individuality;—not selfish, not mean, not morose; but manly, and erect, and independent in the integrity of that nature which God has given to you.

True Manliness is an element in the formation of character which is liable to be overlooked or warped by the selfish practices of the world, or to be confounded with things which, while they pass in the estimation of young men for being very manly, are not so at all. Thus, it is not manly, whatever may be the practice of the world, to be profane; because man came from the hand of God, receives his bounty every hour, is his child, and the heir to an immortal life; and profanity, while it adds no years to a youth's existence, is irreverent and improper. It is a maxim, that "no gentleman will swear in the presence of a lady"; it would be better to

say, "no gentleman will swear at all," for if it be improper and unchaste in the presence of pure mortals, how can it be justified at other times, when God, who is purer than mortals, is ever about us? Depend upon it, it is not an evidence of manly character either to be profane or dissipated; these things sink a young man nearer to the sphere of the animal, instead of raising him to a position of lordship over the lower races. Manliness is not to be measured by late hours, boisterous rowdyism, big-sounding words, pistols, and pipes; but by integrity of purpose, resoluteness of will, when temptations to fraud or vice are presented, and earnestness of application to legitimate work and wholesome play. These will make a true man, when the fashionable follies, and dangerous, if not disgraceful, courses in which many young men engage, even in this city, will result, if not in premature death, at least in permanent physical and moral injury. Be manly, if it cost you the loss of all companionship; and if, beyond your own pleasures, the practices

of trade involve the loss of rectitude, then be manly enough to leave your employment, and seek an honest living, if it be a poorer one, in some other avocation. Have a strong, earnest purpose of rectitude and justice underlying all your acts, and shining through your minutest deeds; so that it shall not be necessary for you to advertise your Christianity, but men seeing you may take knowledge that you are permeated with Christian principle, and not glossed over with Christian profession. Have a purpose of ultimateness in all your life-plans. Look beyond a few months or years to the aggregate of your existence; consider what your whole life may accomplish; and remember that you cannot detach months or years from the grand sum of your existence; that you cannot recover wasted time; that there is no provision in the providence of God for renewing the hours that are past; and remember too, while we speak, the present becomes the past, and the future is present; and that all time is wasted which is not devoted to some purpose of usefulness. Em-

ployment and pleasure may consume some portion of our time, and yet the time will not be wasted if the employment is serving the great purposes of life, or the pleasure ministering to our strength. But dissipation of mind or body is a thief; robbing us of jewels of such inestimable worth that empires cannot replace them. Finally, a recognition of the immortality of character is one of its most important elements, and the grandest incentive to a true life. A noble building or a beautiful picture is the embodiment of an artist's idea, and in it the thought of the artist lives while the fabric of his creation endures; the work, however, is perishable, and the human frame even more frail, so that, long ages before time shall have disintegrated the particles of his work, the name of the author may have passed from the memory of men. But a pure and strong and blessed character is imperishable, and in it our lives may outlast the Pyramids, and outlive a thousand generations. Slowly and by degrees the character of the world, like that of individuals, is formed, and every

good or bad life advances or hinders its progress. And how much of solemnity is wrapped up in this thought? You and I cannot be bad or good to our own loss or profit merely; but the interests of the world are linked in with our individual growth, so that we must bless or curse it. You cannot live to yourselves, you cannot die to yourselves. Your life must send its currents throbbing through the social fabric, to be felt till the end of time. Not to your own sad and bitter injury alone can you be a drunkard, gambler, or miser; the world — the world — must *feel* your life! Not alone the great and the famous of the past live with us, — not only have Plato and Socrates, inciting us to the pursuit of virtue and wisdom, — not only Moses, teaching faith in Israel's God, — not only Jesus, revealing God and heaven and immortality, — but thousands of nameless ones, who perished at the stake, and in the arena, or patiently endured and toiled in lowly cares, and whose tombstones, all mossed over, lie crumbling in obscure graveyards, and cease to tell the history

of the sleeping dust beneath them, — these have all sent their influences down to us, blessing us in a thousand ways we think not of, — making virtue preferable to vice, and exalting goodness above evil in the estimation of the world.

How much has been done for virtue since the days of Spartan morals and Roman licentiousness! How many corrupting customs have been dethroned! How many false practices have been repudiated by the world! How much that was wrong has been conquered by the Gospel of Christ! And all this is the result of individual character, and has been accomplished by slow and patient individual faith and toil. And oh! how much remains for the same process to accomplish! Believe me, my brethren, we are not uninterested spectators of the world's struggles, but participants in them. However calmly we may close our eyes, and fold our hands, and grudge our energies, we are taking part in the grand interests of God, of Christ, and of humanity. As the process of vegetation

proceeds silently and surely, while we sleep, even so our own characters are unfolding, whether we labor for good or evil, — whether we have a positive life or a negative one. Just as nature is always active, and, when the earth is not properly cultivated, will cause it to produce weeds, so these characters of ours will live, will develop their vitality in some direction, and every day's experience gives a greater intensity to their direction. If we give them an habitually religious tone, their reverence will grow imperceptibly stronger; if we slacken our moral grasp, if we for a season lay the reins upon the necks of our passions, they will carry us farther than we anticipated, — they may carry us beyond control.

Character is the governor of our outward expression; we may fence ourselves about with worldly prudence, but the real man will show itself in spite of us. Let a man cherish dishonesty in his heart, and his dishonesty will, somehow or other, find expression in his life; if not in stealing, then in meanness; if not in large frauds, then in sixpenny cheatings. We

may disguise it from others, and even from ourselves, for a season; but sooner or later it will appear that we are just what our principles make us. And this involves a truth more momentous than questions of dogma and form. It is this actual condition of our character, — this real position of our inner being, our spiritual life, — the state of the actual unseen motive-springs which lie at the basis of all our outward expression, — which is the important matter. Compared with this, it is comparatively of little consequence whether a man be a Christian or a Pagan or a Jew; for a bad Pagan or a bad Jew is quite as good as a bad Christian.

Remember, then, that, however you live, your lives cannot be without results. Be they ever so lowly, and to your own estimation insignificant, your experiences are of infinite worth. In the lowliest places of life you may and must create characters, dispositions, and affections which shall outreach the temporary and influence the permanent. In the future world, we shall be the same per-

sons we are here, else must all identity be lost. We are every day, therefore, creating tastes and forming attachments which must permeate our being and give character to our spiritual existence. We may have a settled purpose of goodness, toward which we are slowly and almost imperceptibly assimilating, but our character is forming. We have a life which reaches far down below the cares and customs of our external existence, — there is something within us with which we commune at times, and whose presence and government we recognize and obey in our lives. It is all important to a young man that this inner ruling principle should be right. Make the fountain pure, the stream cannot fail to be pure; make the tree good, the fruit cannot be bad. Be true to your nature and to your manhood, and you will be true to God. Live, I pray you, as men for whom life has a reality; who look upon existence as reaching beyond a little food and dress and accumulation, and feel that you are bound up in a common brotherhood of interest

and duty with the race; so that injuring yourselves you injure others, and defrauding others you rob yourselves. How different an aspect would our social relations wear, if we sometimes remembered that our characters are our only immortality. O that we could feel it in all its intensity, this great truth of the continuity of character! Then we should not divide our life into the earthly and the heavenly, nor restrict the external life to a dependence upon the limitations of poor human thought, but we should bring the future into contact with the present, and so elevate all our pursuits with the inspiration of the Divine.

Go forth, then, and "be strong, quit you like men," for while all the outward shall fade as the leaves do fall in the autumn, your characters can never die. All else may fail. Knowledge may be so superseded by a grander science as to be of little worth, beauty may pass away, granite and iron may moulder back to dust, but the spirits that listen here today shall never die. Think of it, this most divine heirship, and say, "What manner of

persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" A great and glorious capacity is given to every one of you; a pressing emergency is everywhere about you; a law of your being obliges you to labor in some direction,—will not permit you to be idle; and what will you do? O, let your goodness live for ever; let its pulsations be strong and regular; and the work you do in weakness, and without daring to aspire to the ostentation of established forms and recognized modes, God's providence will abundantly protect, and cause your lives to be felt long ages after men shall have forgotten your names, and the stone that affection placed above your poor framework has returned to its former particles.

LECTURE VI.

AN APPEAL.

"Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof, we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the Divine." — BARROW.

In closing this course of Lectures, I wish to impress upon you that we have been considering facts which are of real consequence, and that, while our attention has not been given exclusively to matters of direct theological bearing, we have been dealing with subjects of religious significance and consequence. I have endeavored to speak to you in words of practical soberness, because I have felt that the topics upon which I have dwelt were of immediate and pressing urgency. Other words there are which I should

like to speak; there are other topics which need treatment; but the time has not come for their utterance. Let me, however, caution you against harboring the impression, because I have spoken to your known wants, and have dealt with every-day facts and commonplace words, that therefore I ignore religion. The difference of my position in this matter from that of some who have seen fit to censure me is, perhaps, just this, that I believe you can "*have* religion" to aid your spiritual growth, and to assist you under your difficulties, when you make true and earnest efforts for your fullest expansion of intellect, as well as when you limit your endeavors to the cultivation of the emotions; that, when religion has work to do, like yourselves, it assumes a working garb, but is none the less religion in its work than in the temple, as the laborer is not less a man in his working-jacket than when he dons his Sunday broadcloth. I appeal to you, therefore, to make the bearings of religion upon your practical life a matter of thought and reflection. Ask yourselves

what is the religious significance of your lives. Consider whether you ought to regard religion as a distinct operation of your volition, or a power growing and strengthening with your toil and development, fostering your purposes of rectitude, and inciting you to strive for excellence, from love of that which is ever beyond. When we limit religion to Sunday, and Sunday to strictly theological speculation, we run the risk of creating the impression that this is the extent of religion. But why, I ask, may we not see religious import in every day's work, in every good purpose, and every pure thought? It may be good — and it is good — to sing hymns and offer prayers in concert; but there is a pæan that might ascend to the Infinite, from the hearts of all in their toil, which too often the merely legal tone of religion smothers, and offers the empty tinkling of hollow services in its place; there is a prayer which may arise clear and distinct above the clamor of ponderous hammers, and the screeching of hoarse machinery, — "Thy will be done on earth";

but too often religion is placed in the clouds, and he who dares bring it to earth must run the risk of the anathema of the Church.

But religion, and the adaptedness of religion to bless and strengthen a working life, and the necessity for the co-operation of religion in order to raise that life above the existence of the animal, are not less facts, because as facts they are too often misunderstood and misapplied. Whatever may be the intellectual difficulties thrown around the subject by the apparent forgetfulness of humanity in the metaphysics of theology, — whatever may be the repugnance which what you may deem the improper temper of theologians has created in your minds about the whole subject of religion, — and whatever may be the mutual relations of theology and religion, — too often confounded as the same thing, — depend upon it, you cannot do without the religious spirit and power in your lives. Very often, indeed, we do not recognize the presence of religion, when it is working its most potent influences; but without that presence, recognized or un-

recognized, we cannot be said to have a full life; indeed, without its recognized presence, our lives are shorn of their fairest attributes, and our experiences lack their finest features.

You need a manly, earnest, sincere religious character above all things, and more than all things. And you can have that character, not only without a forfeiture of your manliness, but as its highest type. Learn to regard it, I pray you, as your natural and normal condition, — as independent of rites and forms and theories, but reaching down to the cares and perplexities of our common life, and exalting the transitory to a position of permanence. Learn to cherish it as the fountain of good principle, and let it expand the whole range of your being, and teach you to regard truth and rectitude as of an innate worth and beauty far transcending temporary success or loss, pain or pleasure.

Be religious, that you may have a proper standard of effort, that you may learn to judge of right, not by success, but by truth. Do not be deceived, I pray you, into shipwreck,

by false lights along the coast; let not a false glitter betray you into fraud or knavery; know that a man may be a successful swindler, and yet be none the less a swindler because of his success. It is the motive, and not the result, by which you are to judge actions; and while you cannot penetrate to another's motive, you may always analyze your own.

Make religion, therefore, a matter of calm, serious thought, and mature deliberation! Let it have the outward expression which best suits your temperament; but have it enshrined at the seat of your life, as its controlling principle, and I care little whether it finds its manifestation in shoutings or in meditation. Make religion your deliberate choice, not because of the future only, but because of the present. I do not urge you to do so in order to shun the hell of the future, because my conscience will not allow me to offer you so mercenary a motive. I do not wish you to make the rewards of religion a matter of bargain and trade, and to incite you to pursue virtue as men sink coal-mines, because, while it

is laborious, it is also a profitable investment; but I beseech you to be religious, because without it there is no true life, because God's love entitles him to a return of your affections, and because the power and tenderness of God, manifested in Christ Jesus, ought to quicken your mortal aspirations into sympathy with that effluence of the Most High, which, dwelling in the Son richly in all fulness, is all about us now, as well as when he went about doing good in Palestine. Be religious, then, "for it is not a vain thing," it is not a mere expedient to save you from the consequences of sin,— "it is your life"; it will purify your inner, spiritual reality of the desire for sin, and so will obviate the necessity for an escape from its consequences. It will make your lives pure and useful, and, accomplishing this for you, you need not fear to die, for your character is immortal, and no contingency of sickness or death can affect its sure results.

I appeal to you to cultivate your mental powers, and to avail yourselves of the educational means which are spread before you.

I have already shown you that culture is practicable; and surely you cannot prize sloth and useless dissipating follies higher than the power which is the only sure indication of nobility among men. You may grovel and get gold, and men may worship your shrewdness and palliate your cheatings, — because you are *so* successful; but depend upon it, the hour will come when you will curse the folly that chained you to such senseless and useless serfdom. Culture is the only true manhood, and the only worthy investment of one's ability; and he who seeks and obtains this, has a wealth which can never diminish; he has a possession which no mortal vicissitude can deprive him of; and if it be chastened by a reverent and filial trust in God, he has attained an eminence which empires cannot purchase. But aside from its effects upon themselves, I would that the workingmen of this great valley rightly perceived their *duty* to acquire culture. Here, where the seat of the empire over the continent must at last be planted, — here, midway

between the two great seas of the world, where the iron-horse must pause in his journey with the silks and teas and spices of India, and meet upon midway ground the productions of the Atlantic countries seeking a passage to the Pacific, — here, where towns and cities in ten years spring up over the ruins of solitary log-huts, — here, where the children of many countries and divers tongues find the long-sought "Novis Atlantis," — here, where worth and industry must at last find their proper level, — here, if anywhere, the laborer should be educated, and the unity of muscle and mind should be recognized. But we must look to our own efforts, and not depend upon external assistance for the accomplishment of the work. You have a grander mission than the building of railroads and canals, or even the erection of sphinxes and pyramids. The hearts which are beating in the Mississippi Valley to-day are destined to send their pulses throbbing through a grander civilization than Rome or Greece ever dreamed of. You may die, —

and will die, — but your thought and culture will outlive the ages; as your buildings stand when the scaffoldings are destroyed. Upon the amount of energy bestowed in the founding of libraries and mechanics' institutes and free schools, depends the future of this key to the Union. Let the Mississippi Valley sink to the intellectual condition of Mexico, and the growth of our country will be a growth of death; but let the West be true to its duty, and it can hold North and South to their equilibrium, without pandering to the fanaticisms of either.

Here there is less excuse for the workingman or apprentice who does not apply himself to securing his culture; because here we can realize, what elsewhere seems but a philosophic dream, that as all art has grown out of the first rude essays after excellence, so the difference between the higher and lower orders of toil is just the difference of the culture they involve. The mechanic may work his way to the highest position of mortal distinction. It is not a disgrace to the judge that he has

pounded the anvil, or to the minister that he has worked at the printing-press; and so all the mechanical employments may become preparatory schools to the responsible positions of society; and this must not only continue, but increase, as the creation of new arteries of trade causes the currents of prosperity to multiply. We need educated, clear-headed, and studious workingmen more than we need new territory, — and the means for the increase of these will be more beneficially applied than an increase of our army and navy. Let us have these means in schools and colleges, in free libraries and lectures, and the investment will pay better interest than bank-stock or railroad bonds.

I appeal to society, to remove the false and improper distinctions which are based, not on merit, but upon possession. Let wealth be honored, when it is the result of honorable effort. Let it be reverenced, as the representative of energy and worth, but not as an intrinsic value in itself. Teach these young men, I pray you, to regard wealth as the re-

ward of integrity and principle, — but not as the end of life. Do not permit them to harbor the impression that riches obtained in any way, — stained with fraud and dishonesty, tainted with meanness and hypocrisy, and loaded with iniquity and extortion, — can purchase the esteem of good men, and the countenance of "good society." Let the reproach of social disfranchisement fall upon the rogues without the penitentiary walls, as well as upon those within them. Let the honest man who strives for an expansion of his mental and moral life be honored, however lowly his condition and however homely his garments. Society owes it to itself to reform the tendency of existing ideas of wealth and position, or it will entail upon the coming generations the sad retribution of licentiousness without limit, and vice without a check. Once destroy the conservative element of social life, once establish the fact that society rests upon money, and not upon merit, and you have laid the axe at the root of the tree of our republican hopes. For with us who

have no hereditary and arbitrary distinctions of birth, there must be a nobility of worth, as the balance-wheel of our social life, or we shall fall into a Red-Republicanism of unprincipled scrambling for wealth, without regard for virtue and integrity. You cannot escape the responsibilities of your position, you cannot harbor a spirit of meanness and niggardliness in providing for the education of the working classes, without reaping sad and bitter losses in consequence. You owe it to the apprentices and clerks of your country to provide wholesome nutriment for their thoughts, and just and pure examples, discriminating between the seeming and the reality, for their lives. You owe them these things, not as a benevolence, but as a duty. Fail to discharge this obligation, and you will inflict an injury upon your country which no growth of empire can compensate for.

I appeal to society to provide wholesome recreations for those whose days are spent in toil. Give from the abundance of your increasing possessions the means for warming

and lighting and furnishing good reading-rooms, which shall be open to all whose deportment is proper, free of expense; it will prove a better investment than building new jails and court-houses. You can do it, and you ought to do it. There is no sufficient reason for leaving our community without a single proper place of resort for our clerks and artisans. Look at the matter as it exists. Take a population of eight or ten thousand people. The workers of the community are crowded, by the high prices of boarding, into small and inconvenient and ill-ventilated chambers, or sleep in the places of their toil. When the day's work is ended and the store or workshop closed, and the spirits need a change from the exhausting and monotonous labor in which the day has been spent, where, I ask, are they to seek recreation? You virtually condemn them to seek billiard-saloons and bar-rooms, or, if some good mother's prayer lingers about their hearts and restrains their feet from these paths of folly and vice, they have no alternative but the

formation of store-loafing habits, and uselessly exhaust the evening in uttering and in listening to idle talk and foolish jarrings. You know that this picture is not overdrawn, and you must correct the evil or incur the responsibility of becoming accessories to the waste of countless lives. In a few years, the young men of the West will have the destiny of the country in their hands, and then when dying you may bequeath to education what you can no longer use; but it will be too late to accomplish the work which you may now live to see rightly performed. Do not wait for the end of life to discharge your social obligations, but perform them now, and let men have more reason to thank God for your life than for your death. *Work while the day lasts.*

I appeal to society to supply motives of thrift, and to discountenance the habits of reckless extravagance which are fast becoming standards of respectability. Our lives are saddened and shortened by the arbitrary rules of dress and living, which, without being any better for anybody, involve those whose means

are limited in ruinous expenses. A clerk or an apprentice will often spend a month's wages for some poor imitation of an article he sees in the possession of a wealthier man; and so many young men waste their whole income, and being furnished with means to carry out their extravagance by their unwise parents, they are a constant temptation to their companions, who, having no such resources to fall back upon, commit acts of folly which finally entail that most ruinous attendant upon a young man's career, debt, and sink in early manhood to a position of dependence, when they might have risen to a competency. I should be glad, indeed, to see a greater amount of manly independence upon the part of poor young men; I should rejoice to see them spurning the temptation to dress for a part which they cannot perform; but society must inculcate by example and precept the true ideas of respectability and independence, before we have a right to look for their general recognition among our workingmen. Let us teach our young mechanics and

laborers that they may be neatly and respectably clothed without spending all their earnings in chains and rings and perfumery; let us show the wives of workingmen that satins and velvets are not the only sure indications of gentility. You may do this, and do it effectually, and while not forfeiting a luxury which your ample means may afford; yet by keeping within limits, and by making quality and texture the object of expense, rather than show and a gairish overloading of quantity, a proper medium may be kept and a right standard of expense established. But without a reform, depend upon it our young men will learn to prize the external appearance more than the internal reality, and the means and time which ought to be expended upon their preparation for the responsibilities of life will be wasted upon dress and livery-stable extravagances.

Finally, I appeal to Christianity, to come from the clouds down to our work-day world, and to inspire our toiling existence with its most divine energy. Let the religion of the

New Testament cease to be directed exclusively to the intellect, and let it lay hold of the interests and perplexities of our present life. I would make it none the less Divine because needed by humanity, — nor would I lift it above the great wants and ever-changing emergencies of the race because of its Divinity, — but I would have it recognized as the friend of man, when preaching homely wisdom and practical morality, as well as when speculating over human nature in the abstract and heaven in the future. There are great and pressing wants and earnest necessities all around us, and true Christian men have no time to squabble over the differences of their theories; let them apply the working power of Christianity to the social wrongs and the dangerous tendencies which beset the young man; let them make Christianity felt in society, and let its great principles and divine power be recognized in the lowliest of the occupations of life; let them demonstrate that Luther was not mistaken when he elevated the substance, the fact, of Christianity

to its rightful position of pre-eminence over the merely speculative, by saying, "The maid-servant who sweeps the house, with the love of God in her heart as its controlling principle, is as truly serving him, and as surely accepted of him, as the preacher dispensing his Gospel, or the martyr defending his truth." Go forth, Christian men, and let the world judge of your Christianity by the rule established by Christ himself, — let your works, not your words, testify to the truth of religion. Cease your poor jarrings, that the grave will soon close over, and learn the spirit of Him who proved his mission by his deeds. Remember that the Gospel is many-sided, while your vision is limited; that to restrict its truth to your thought is to claim equality with its Author. There are human wants and perplexities that you may never have dreamed of; there are glories in the Gospel that you may have no eye for. O, then, let it go forth to bless all! Do not shackle it with your poor speculations; do not limit the mode of its application to your own temperament and

habits of thought; remember that all men are not alike, and cannot think alike; but let Christianity be the philanthropy of heaven, let it bless and strengthen those whom your own theories may not reach, let it comfort those upon whose ears your words fall coldly and ineffectually. Labor appeals to Christianity, it stretches up its hands, and cries for the benediction and counsel of Heaven. Shall they be withheld for false and foolish notions of human dignity? Shall the clergy fear to stain their lawn and broadcloth by speaking to the sons of toil on the first day, when Christ rebuked the Pharisees of Jerusalem for forgetting humanity in their Sabbath-day zeal?

Ah, no! "Say not ye there are four months, and then cometh the harvest; behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already unto harvest, and he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

THE END.

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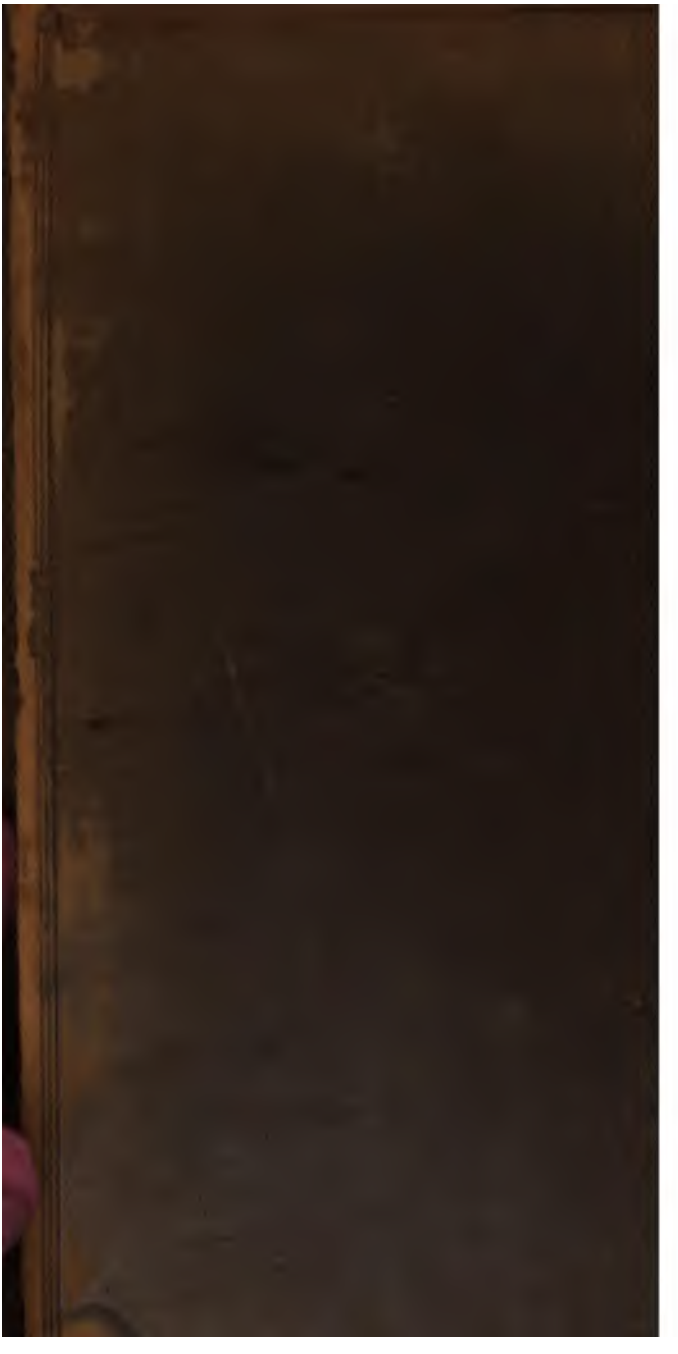
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